

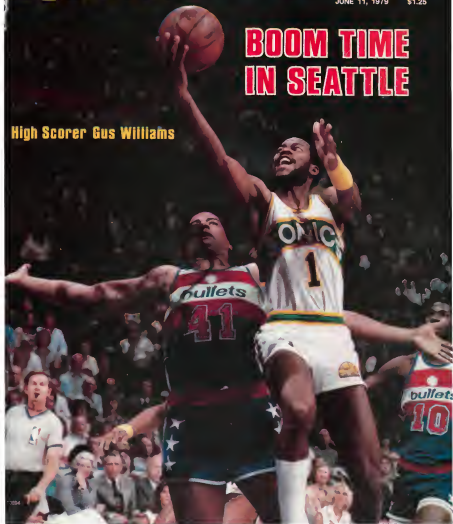
**JAI ALAI: ARE THERE FIXES?**

# Sports Illustrated

JUNE 11, 1979 \$1.25

**BOOM TIME  
IN SEATTLE**

**High Scorer Gus Williams**





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**When EF Hutton talks,  
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# Buying a new GM car or truck? Don't settle for less than the GM service plan. Here's why.



By comparing the General Motors' Continuous Protection Plan to any other plan, you'll see why we believe it offers the best service plan value available. Just ask the questions below and we think you'll agree that GM owners shouldn't settle for less.

## 1 Why a service plan in addition to a warranty?

Today, more and more GM buyers are buying the GM Continuous Protection Plan with their new GM car or light duty truck. The reason is simple: With the GM Plan you get added repair protection against the cost of unexpected repairs plus reimbursement for rental and towing expenses during and after the GM new vehicle limited warranty period. (Not available in Nebraska now.)

## 2 Are all service plans alike?

Absolutely not. With the ever growing popularity of service contracts, there are more and more plans becoming available. But do be careful. They are not all alike and GM wants you to know exactly what you're getting.

## 3 What components are covered?

Few if any plans provide coverage as extensive as General Motors' Continuous Protection Plan. The GM Plan covers nine major assemblies including the engine, transmission, front and rear drive axles, steering, front suspension, brakes, factory

installed air conditioner and unlike most other plans, the electrical system. Also, GM covers seals and gaskets, a provision not made by many other plans, and one that could be important to you.

## 4 What is the provision for rental expense?

Some plans offer no rental expense provision. Others offer it only in case of failure of specified covered parts. Some pay less than General Motors. None pay more. General Motors' Continuous Protection Plan offers an allowance towards the cost of a rental car or truck in the event yours is inoperable and must be kept overnight for repairs or any failure covered by the GM new vehicle limited warranty — and after the warranty for failure of any components covered by the plan.

## 5 Is there an allowance for towing and road service?

Some plans don't provide this very important benefit. GM, however, provides an allowance for towing or emergency road service in the event of covered parts failure for the duration of the contract — and during the new vehicle limited

warranty period if your car is disabled for any reason—even if you have a dead battery, flat tire, or lose your keys!

## 6 Is there a money-back offer?

With some plans you don't get a money-back offer, others only give you 30 days.

General Motors' Continuous Protection Plan lets you cancel within 60 days of purchase and receive a full refund provided you had no claim under the plan. Also, if you sell or trade your car you can even get a pro-rata refund.

## 7 Where can this plan be honored for service?

Some plans are honored only where you bought the car. General Motors' Continuous Protection Plan is honored at over 12,000 dealers across the country or a repair facility of your choice — a big plus, particularly if you frequently drive far from home.

In summary, few plans offer all these important provisions, so check carefully before you buy. With the very broad protection offered by the GM Continuous Protection Plan, we think it offers the best value you'll find.

See your General Motors dealer today for complete information on the GM Continuous Protection Plan. **Takes care of you as well as your car...As well as your light duty truck...As well as your van.**



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## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Roy Terrell, 56, the managing editor of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* since 1974, retired early this month, leaving an emptiness on this magazine that will be hard to fill. Not only because of his notable professional ability but also because of his day-to-day presence. Terrell was a vital part of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* from the day he joined our staff in May 1955 until the June 4 issue, the last he edited, was off the press. Indeed, he was part of *SI* even before he came to us: a column by Terrell, then sports editor of the Corpus Christi (Texas) *Callier*, appeared in our second issue, dated Aug. 23, 1954.

That column, on horse racing, was an indication of Roy's broad knowledge of sports. He became, at various times, *SI*'s No. 1 writer on baseball, college football and basketball, track and field, skiing, and the Olympic Games. Having been raised in South Texas, Terrell was unacquainted with the winter weather up North; during his first December in New York he blithely strode through a patch of new-fallen snow on a sidewalk, slipped and fell flat. Yet, when sent to Aspen, Colo. to cover the U.S. Alpine ski team's preparations for the 1960 Winter Olympics, he became so frustrated at having to watch the races from the bottom of the hill that he took skiing lessons on the spot. In a few days Roy was on the slopes himself, on skis, close to the contestants. By Olympic time he was an accomplished skier and, as a result, even closer to the athletes.

Although best known for fact-filled, fast-paced news stories, Roy's grace as a writer was most evident in two long, thoughtful pieces he did for us just before he gave up writing for editing. One was a memorable account of his introduction, at age 39, to sailplaning (he had been a Marine pilot in World War II). The other article, a cheerful but far from mocking description of cricket,

has been called the best story ever written by an American about that storied sport.

Terrell was named assistant managing editor in 1963 and executive editor in 1970. In his five years as managing editor, he insisted on the highest quality in reporting and writing for the magazine and, extending deadlines to the outer limits of our printing and engraving capabilities, made *SI*'s news coverage ever more timely. In those years *SI* reached new peaks both editorially and in advertising revenues.

Now Terrell, whose philosophy has always been to work hard and play hard, will move to Key West, where he intends to fish a lot and write a little. Good fishing, Roy. And don't forget to write. For us.

Roy Terrell's successor, Gilbert Rogin, 49, has been with us even longer and is the first *SI* managing editor to have climbed to the top from the bottom rung of the editorial ladder. He started on the clip desk, cutting stories from the AP wire and from newspapers. Advancing to reporter and then staff writer, he quickly gained recognition as one of the best writers ever to appear in our pages. His stories ranged from a dark, poignant report on boxer Benny Paret's

death in the prize ring to a hilarious account of 12 miserable days he spent at sea as a reluctant crewman on a racing yacht. A highly praised writer of fiction as well, he has had dozens of his short stories published in *The New Yorker* and elsewhere and is the author of two books. Named a senior editor in 1966, he moved up to assistant managing editor in 1974 and now becomes our fourth managing editor.



ROY TERRELL



GILBERT ROGIN

*Arthur F. Sullivan*

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Vic Braden says, "You can play tennis 500% better than you do now." And in **VIC BRADEN'S TENNIS FOR THE FUTURE** he shows you how. Vic's secret weapon—well-known to the millions who have seen him on TV—is his sense of humor. But the jokes aren't just for laughs. Vic's humor will relax you, jolt you out of your bad habits, and help to make each lesson absolutely unforgettable. Try these Braden one-liners on for size:

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- The main goal in tennis is simple: Keep all your shots deep and in play and you'll be famous by Friday.
- You can't hit a helium ball and attack that's like throwing a hand grenade and running underneath it.
- When you are swinging in a northerly direction and the ball keeps heading south, you are very likely watching your opponent instead of the ball.
- If you can walk to the drinking fountain without falling over, you have the physical ability to play tennis well!

"Vic Braden is the world's number one tennis coach."—Jack Kramer

Vic Braden's ideas are going to change the game of tennis from the ground up—and in **VIC BRADEN'S TENNIS FOR THE FUTURE** you'll learn how. You'll find out how Vic uses high-speed photography and special measuring devices at his Tennis College, in the world's first truly scientific study of tennis technique. You'll get the benefit of Vic's 22 years of successful coaching—plus his training as a psychologist. **VIC BRADEN'S TENNIS FOR THE FUTURE** is your key to a total revolution in tennis—a whole new approach

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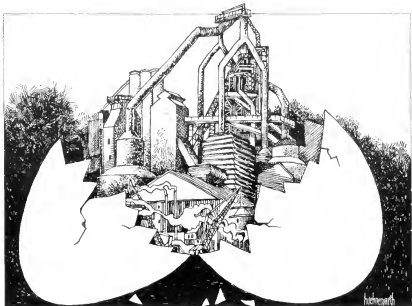
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## DEWAR'S PROFILE

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### RAISA SCRIBINE

**BORN:** Bad Homburg, West Germany, 1950

**HOME:** Washington, D.C.

**FLUENCIES:** Russian, French, German, English, and Spanish

**FOUNDER AND PRESIDENT:** Forum International for Cultural Relations, a consulting firm specializing in cultural program development

**RECENT ACCOMPLISHMENT:** Helped negotiate an international Convention for the Conservation of Migratory Birds

**CURRENT PROJECT:** The study and restoration of Russian artifacts in Alaska

**PHILOSOPHY:** International understanding will be built on common

ground, around cultural and environmental links, not differences

**FAVORITE PLACE:** The far side of any challenge

**SPARE TIME:** Pastels. Raisa has two major New York gallery exhibits to her credit

**SCOTCH:** Dewar's White Label " and soda. Dewar's is definitely a philosopher's Scotch: a personal, reflective, Dostoevsky-reading drink

*Raisa Scriabine*

## BOOKTALK

by JIM HARLAN

FROM SQUASH TO HARD RACQUETS, THIS MAGAZINE COVERS ALL THE COURTS

In 1976 a couple of leading amateur squash racquets players, Gerry Jabara and Kevin Pickens, gave up comfortable jobs to put out a magazine devoted to their favorite sport. But after a few issues, realizing there was neither the audience nor the profits to sustain the venture, they broadened the magazine's coverage. The result was *Racquet*, an authoritative journal on racquet sports.

"We wanted to put out a sophisticated magazine," Pickens says. "People who play racquet sports are a special breed, and they demanded a more literate approach than they were getting. They were tired of how-to pieces, result stories and gossip personality profiles." *Racquet* has articles on the psychological and medical aspects of sport, as well as the usual personality profiles. It also offers lots of court events, results, and new equipment. The type of story *Racquet* does best is illustrated by a recent piece on the "10 commandments," or common denominators of strategy, in racquet sports. It was written by a racqueteer for all seasons and former Davis Cupper now starring on the platform tennis circuit, Herb FitzGibbon.

*Racquet's* layout is attractive and its photography is glossy. Unfortunately, the writing is often inaccurate and vman-sticky ("The two sports busters panned for the grove of pappazzini", perhaps because *Racquet* magazine relies heavily on athletes as writers. "They're the ones with ideas, that's why we've used them," says Pickens. "We're trying to get away from the practice." There is also a tendency to cater to the well-to-do (travel and fashion have received more coverage than paddle ball and paddle tennis) and to the sports that advertise in the magazine (tennis, squash, racquetball and table tennis).

Certainly there is no dearth of available subjects. If you know racquet sports, you ought to be able to name 10 of them other than tennis—badminton, court tennis, hard racquets, paddle ball, paddle tennis, platform tennis, racquetball, squash racquets, squash tennis and table tennis—without even mentioning the arcane offshoots—tennisball, tableball, pickleball, smashball—that seem to be invented almost daily.

*Racquet* comes out six times a year and costs \$1.50 an issue, or \$8 for a year's subscription (342 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017). Operating out of a three-room office, the editors have been hard pressed to turn a profit. That's a shame. We need even a flawed *Racquet*, just as surely as we need racquet sports.

END

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There was tension in the air as the Doctor spoke. "I say," he piped, "this is a mystery. Each man claims to be the real prince of Belgravia. And each is so well dressed, all must have princely fortunes."

"Well dressed, yes," replied the sleuth. "But not necessarily wealthy. Have you forgotten that Haggar makes fine men's fashions at affordable prices? I dare say these are all Haggar outfits."

"But how can you tell?" his friend babbled in astonishment.

"Elementary," said the sleuth, studiously relighting his pipe.

"I simply glanced at the labels inside their coats."

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# PLAYERS

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# SCORECARD

Edited by MYRA GELBAND

## FIT FOR A POPE

On his visit to his native Poland last week Pope John Paul II kissed its soil, as he had done in the Dominican Republic. When he regained his feet on that earlier occasion the Archbishop of Santo Domingo leaned over to brush the dirt from the Pope's robe where his knees apparently had pressed against the ground as he knelt to prostrate himself for the ceremonial kiss. But there was no dirt. Aside from a little dust, the Pope's white robe remained unsmudged.

A miracle? Not at all, unless physical fitness is a miracle. The vigorous Pontiff explained that he did pushups every day; when he dropped to the ground he had supported himself pushup-style on toes and hands as he kissed the earth.

## INDY ERUPTION

Last week at the awards banquet following the 63rd running of the Indianapolis 500, Thomas W. Blinford, the chief steward of the Speedway, made a strong plea for reconciliation between the United States Auto Club and Championship Auto Racing Teams. Those are the groups that have been brawling over which should control Indy car racing. Blinford said, "By the 1980 race we've got to pull ourselves together. There's no way we can go on separately."

Obviously, someone wasn't listening. Four days later, Joe Cloutier, president of the Speedway, announced that the 1980 race will be an invitational. He said that the invitations "will be automatically extended to all entrants who have entered and participated in" the three 500-mile races sanctioned by USAC (the Indy 500, the Pocono 500 on June 24 and the Ontario 500 on Sept. 2). There was no hint that any of the eight CART-sanctioned races would qualify a team for next year's Indianapolis 500.

Indy car racing requires vast amounts of sponsorship money to sustain it. If a team doesn't compete at Indianapolis itself, the sponsors simply are not interested. Thus Cloutier's proviso, if it sticks,

could force the CART-aligned teams back into the USAC camp or out of racing entirely. At the same time, the edict may be viewed as a device to strengthen the fields for the races at Pocono and Ontario; at present both look weak in comparison to Indy's. Before Cloutier's announcement, there was some fear that the CART teams—which include Rick Mears, winner of this year's Indy, and third-place finisher Mike Mosley, as well as former winners Al and Bobby Unser, Johnny Rutherford and Gordon Johncock—would boycott those two races. Now that seems to be a practical impossibility.

"They're trying to break CART," says that organization's president, U. E. (Pat) Patrick. "It's unfortunate that the Indianapolis Motor Speedway has chosen to use its power and influence as the promoter of the world's greatest auto race in what is obviously a last-ditch effort to salvage the USAC 1979 race schedule and [USAC's] viability as a race-sanctioning body."

Considering the diluted fields at every CART or USAC race run so far (the exception was Indy and that was saved from the same fate only by a court ruling), and the charges of cheating, favoritism, dirty-dealing and even rigging that have been flying since this nasty battle for control was joined, one can sympathize with Patrick when he says, despairingly, "Maybe it's a good time for everyone to get out of auto racing."

## YES, VIRGINIA, THERE IS...

If you were home in Virginia last Thursday night watching television or listening to the radio, you already know that Ralph Sampson has decided to play basketball at the University of Virginia. Sampson's announcement was carried live from his high school gymnasium in Harrisonburg.

The first of two high school players chosen for the Pan-American team, Sampson had been the object of intensive recruiting, all of it policed by his

coach, Roger Bergey, who drew up a list of 14 guidelines for the 60 schools that interested the 7' 3½", 200-pound center. Bergey said that if a college made an illegal offer, the NCAA would be notified, and any violation of his rules would mean instant rejection by Sampson.

There had been speculation that Sampson might skip college and turn pro right away, in the manner of Moses Malone, who this season was the MVP of the NBA. "I gave the pros a lot of consideration," says Sampson, "but after a while I knew I wanted to go to college."

His mother explained her son's decision: "After seeing Wes Unseld in the playoffs, Ralph felt he needed 25 more pounds before he tried the NBA."

## PREMIUM PREMIUM

Monticello Raceway, a harness track in Sullivan County, N.Y. with a reputation for novel promotional tactics, has found



a way to capitalize on the gasoline shortage. Over the years the track has lured fans with diving mules, square dancing and bagel, wig and pantsy-hose nights.

Now it is giving away gas—500 gallons a week. Every Wednesday night patrons file entry blanks and, after the last race, five names are drawn. The gas is distributed according to the payoff percentages of harness-racing purses: 50% or 250 gallons to the winner—the first name drawn—25% or 125 gallons for second place, and so on down to fifth, which is worth 25 gallons. Winners must be present for the drawing, so there's no leaving early before the ninth race. More than that, the gas gift certificates are redeemable only at Lou-Pat's Friendly Service Station across the road from the track. Presumably, that means a few return trips to the races for the lucky winners.

continued

**THE COSMOS CRUNCH**

What do you do when you're leading the North American Soccer League with a 9-2 record and have a bench as deep in stars as the Milky Way? If you're Warner Communications, owner of the Cosmos, which won league titles in 1977 and 1978, you fire the coach.

Citing "lack of agreement on the direction of the team," the Cosmos abruptly axed Coach Eddie Firmani last Friday, replacing him for the time being with his assistant, Ray Kivecka. Warner executives said the team has been playing too individually.

What was not said was the pressure Firmani had been under to use individuals who insist on playing individually. Earlier in the season the coach had bristled at the meddling of the Warner head office, which wanted to build the Cosmos into the best team in the world by adding high-priced superstars, like the haphazardly brilliant but sometimes selfish Brazilian midfielder Francisco Marinho, to the lineup. In addition, some said that Ahmet Ertugrul, head of Warner's Atlantic Records division and son of a former Turkish ambassador to the U.S., had insisted on Erol Yavin, a Turk, playing in goal instead of Jack Brann, Firmani's preference.

Firmani chose not to say very much, but he was obviously stunned. At a weekend press conference Captain Giorgio Chinaglia, an old Firmani ally, became upset by the probing questions of an Italian television reporter and angrily broke the man's silver neck chain.

The Cosmos are reported to be looking for a world-class coach to step in, a man willing to put his neck on the line, it would seem.

**TRIO DEPRESSION**

Fans of USC could hardly feel cheated when the Trojan track team finished seventh in last weekend's NCAA meet in Champaign, Ill. After all, the Trojans had won 29 track and field championships (two indoors), and no one wants to be greedy. But this was the first spring in 19 years in which the school had failed to win an NCAA championship in any sport. Since 1960, USC has won 37 titles in six sports: baseball, gymnastics, swimming, tennis, volleyball and track.

The baseball team was particularly disappointing this season, finishing a dismal fourth in the Pac-10 southern division. Six undergraduates had opted for

the major league draft instead of using their remaining eligibility, and three pitchers who didn't return had a combined 35-4 record on last year's championship squad.

Ah, well. Football will be here soon.

**LONGER FATS**

As part of his most recent retirement plans, Muhammad Ali made the first of a series of farewell appearances last week, this one at London's Royal Albert Hall. Three good-natured opponents sparring a total of seven rounds with the champ, who was wearing the outsized top of a truck suit over his boxing trunks. But even this costume couldn't hide Ali's corpulence; he was 31 pounds over his most recent fighting weight of 221.

Ali grabbed a microphone and told the crowd how delighted he was that now he could eat all the things he once denied himself. "I haven't been near a gym since I fought Leon Spinks last September, and it's been marvelous. After 25 years I deserve to look like this. I'm in the worst shape of the whole world."

**ONE BALL FOR ALL**

Until now, a golfer had a choice. When faced, for example, with a long par-3 hole of 225 yards with a hazard in front of the green, he could use a surlin-covered ball which, when hit with an iron, tends to get up in the air quickly and go an inordinately long distance. When hit with a wood, it does not travel as well. On the next tee, he could switch to a balata-covered ball which may not carry as far but is easier to control. And so on through his round. Well, no more, says the United States Golf Association.

Beginning with the U.S. Open at the Inverness Club in Toledo, June 14-17, and in all subsequent USGA events, a golfer will have to use balls of the same brand model and compression that he tees off with for the entire round. The practice of switching balls is common, and, in the view of USGA President Sandy Tatum, lamentable.

"The rule is responsive to concerns that results relate to skill rather than to how many different brands of golf balls the player uses to deal with varying conditions," says Tatum.

Laudably, the PGA tour has adopted the same regulation, to the delight of most of its players. Arnold Palmer says, "I endorse it 100%. It takes something of the skill of the game away if a guy

takes a different ball out for a long water hole I've only done it once myself, at Lacomb in Paris. I was playing with Seve Ballesteros [one of the game's longest hitters]. At the first hole I used one of those balls and ondrive Seve, then hit a monster one-iron into the green. He laid up short, pitched on and made a putt for four. I three-putted for five, and threw the ball away."

**HIDE AND SEEK**

A good futures bet for No. 1 in college football this autumn, based on an early look at the schedule, would seem to be Alabama, which has adroitly avoided the Southern Cal and Nebraska that have given it trouble in recent years and replaced them with the likes of Wichita State, Virginia Tech and Baylor. Because of the rotating Southeast Conference schedule, the Crimson Tide doesn't even meet Georgia, generally a rival for SEC honors.

Conversely, don't pick Penn State in 1981. The Nittany Lions have long been criticized for their soft schedules, but three seasons from now Joe Paterno takes on Nebraska, Notre Dame and Alabama. That may win Paterno the Medal of Honor, but it won't earn him the national championship.

**DOTING DAO**

Al Oerter, the four-time Olympic gold medalist in the discus, came out of retirement three years ago to try to make the Moscow Games—though not at the expense of life's small pleasures. Oerter, who lives in West Islip, N.Y., had accepted an invitation to throw at the Prefontaine Classic in Eugene, Ore., last weekend. At the last minute he had to cancel. Why? There was a conflict with his daughter Gabrielle's senior prom. "I had to be home to take pictures and send off the princess," Oerter explained. "She's my youngest and I didn't want to miss this."

**THEY SAID IT**

• Johnny Kerr, former NBA player and coach, now a broadcaster: "If a coach starts listening to the fans, he winds up setting back to them."

• Moses Malone, Houston Rocket center and the NBA's Most Valuable Player and leading rebounder: "I couldn't have done it without the Calvin Murphys, Rick Burrys, Rudy Tomjanoviches and Mike Newlins. They did a lot of missing." **END**

*"You can call me Ray,  
or you can call me Jay,  
or..."*

*"You can call me a cab."*

**For smooth, clean  
taste in a great light beer,  
just say...Natural.**



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# IT WAS SEATTLE, HANDILY

*A couple of sparkling guards, a combative center and a swarming defense enabled the SuperSonics to dethrone Washington, four games to one, and win the NBA title*

by JOHN PAPANEK

When it was over, the self-described "funny-looking black kid with red hair and freckles" returned to earth long enough to receive the award as the Most Valuable Player in the NBA playoffs. It had taken the Seattle SuperSonics a mere five games to wrest the championship from Washington, and Dennis Johnson had been operating far above the baskets, where 6' 4" guards are seldom seen. He did everything but change the light bulbs in the 24-second clock. He scored, rebounded, blocked shots and broke up three-man fast breaks—singlehandedly. As he said, "I did just about whatever I thought needed to be done."

As reporters crushed the 24-year-old third-year pro from Pepperdine who so suddenly had the basketball world brazenly comparing him with K. C. Jones, Walt Frazier or any other legendary defensive genius you can name, D.J. smoked a big cigar and wryly praised his teammates: "They deserve the award as much as I do, and they're all funny-looking too."

There was D.J.'s running mate, the balding Gus Williams, a 6' 2", 25-year-old who made an art form of the one-man fast break, averaged 28.6 points in the finals and, together with Johnson, scored 256 of Seattle's 505 points in the series. There was 6' 11", 23-year-old Center Jack Sikma, who not only took—and returned—as much kidney pummeling as Wes Unseld gave out, but also grabbed just

*continued*

*The Seattle Wolf—Sikma, Lonnie Shelton and John Johnson, here fending off Bob Dandridge—kept the Bullets in check throughout the series.*







*Sikma duels an Elvin Hayes rejection slip.*

#### **SUPERSONICS** continued

about every big rebound and hit every big shot that one of the guards didn't. Sikma also blocked 16 shots, always, it seemed, at the right time.

And there was Forward John Johnson, looking like a tired old Mississippi bluesman, who led the Sonics in assists and held Bob Dandridge to 43% shooting, 6.7 points below his regular-season average. And the Big Beef—Lonnie Shelton and Paul Silas—who took turns spotlighting another playoff for the Bullets' Elvin Hayes. Though the Big E averaged 20 points, he shot only 39%, and his combined fourth-quarter output amounted to a paltry 14 points.

Finally, there was Freddie Brown, the marvelous third guard, who has made a career of picking his spots. After playing

rather poorly in the previous four games, Brown came off the bench in last Friday's 97-93 clincher to hit seven of 10, four of five in the final 13 minutes from—you guessed it—downtown, to put the Sonics in the lead. Then he poured champagne all over Commissioner Larry O'Brien and tauntingly chanted, "Fine me. Fine me."

That the SuperSonics are now champions of the NBA might shock those who remember the circus act under the whip and whistle of, first, Bill Russell and then Bob Hopkins a few years back. Lenny Wilkens replaced Hopkins in 1977 and built a team that, against these same Bullets a year ago, was good enough to come within a game of winning the title. By last week it was a superb club with relentless defense, a running, guard-oriented offense and backcourt talent unequaled in the NBA. "The difference from last year is maturity," said Wilkens. "Last year we were so young, we played on emotion. There were questions. Now we run strictly on confidence."

For Seattle, the emphasis has been on defense above all, and the final was a match between the league's two most physical teams. As John Johnson said, "Offense is like the weather. It comes and goes. Defense is constant. You don't need to be on. You just need to work."

Seattle defended the Bullets brilliantly, four times holding them below 100 points, 18.7 fewer than their regular-season per-game average of 114.9. And unlike other so-called "defensive" teams, the Sonics did this not by slowing the game down to a frustrating crawl but by textbook, body-hugging defense. They were helped, of course, by prolonged miserable shooting of the Bullet guards, who were outscored and outshot by Seattle's 303 to 177 and 48% to 38%. This allowed the Sonics to drop a guard back to double-team Hayes or Dandridge whenever either had the ball.

"You know when I thought we had them?" Wilkens said. "When we came back from 18 points down in the fourth quarter in Game 1 in Washington. I really never worried after that." Seattle lost the opener 99-97 after Dennis Johnson barely fouled Larry Wright while sensationally blocking his last-second shot with the score tied.

Of course, a gambler who wanted to bet that the Sonics would win the next four would have found a few takers in Washington. Bullet fans were confident

their team could repeat, although no team since the 1969 Celtics had been able to, and no team without Bill Russell had done it since 1954.

Washington had already escaped two brushes with defeat, having won seven games after losing its home-court advantage to both Atlanta and San Antonio. And the feeling was that Hayes, upon whom the team depends so much, was stronger than ever, even though during the San Antonio series he was heard to wonder, "How did Bill Russell stand the pressure enough to win 11 championships in 13 years? Will somebody please tell me? How?"

Hayes' 11 points in the first quarter of Game 2 were enough to keep the Bullets close for a while. But he scored only one point in the second period, and he and Dandridge were held to a collective 14 in the second half, and the Bullets lost their home-court advantage yet again, 92-82.

The last vestiges of Bullet optimism were swept away not long after the opening tip-off for Game 3 in Seattle's Kingdome. With a crowd of 35,928 Sonics fans making a gleeful din, the Sonics played their finest single quarter of the postseason, shooting 65% and opening a 13-point lead on the way to a 105-95 win. The double-teamed Bullets shot 30% in the first period and 20% in the second.

"At halftime I saw we shot 25% and I thought the stat man had gone haywire," Buller Coach Dick Motta said after the game. "Twenty-five percent? I thought we at least shot twenty-six."

Hayes missed 15 of 20 shots in the game and said, "Oh, no. There's nothing to worry about. I was just missing." So, too, were Kevin Grevey and Wright, who were held by D.J. to two baskets in 12 shots, which forced Motta to move Dandridge to guard for a spell. He had no real success against D.J. either, who scored 17 points with nine rebounds and two blocks. He and Williams, who scored 31, had so much fun that during a third-quarter timeout they stayed on the court laughing and shooting hoops.

Watching Seattle toy with his Bullets from his perch on one knee in front of the bench, Motta wore the look of a man who had seen the future and found it grim. "What can I change?" he said. "I change knees every once in a while. My guard combinations? I'm into next year's already. I'm taking probably the best forward in the league and moving him right



out of position. That's scrambling."

With the exception of Hayes and Unseld, who ran on what Motta calls his "62-year-old knees" for 47 minutes only to have Sikma score 21 points and grab 17 rebounds, the Bullets were no longer trying to hide their concern. "I'm being asked, 'What's wrong with the guards?' 10 times a day," said Grevey. "If we need points from outside, let's run a few plays for us. Why is Motta complaining about the guards when all our plays are for the forwards?"

Said Dandridge, "When I have to play guard we're conceding that we can't handle their big guard. I can do basically whatever I want from the forward position, but out there I'm hampered. And they've got Elvin figured out. Lenny Wilkens has done his homework. And it might seem that Lenny Wilkens is ahead of us, two games to one."

Game 4 turned out to be the big one. "Frazier and Ali," said John Johnson. "The Tha-rilla in Sec-attle." Before it ended with the Sonics winning 114-112 in overtime, 59 fouls would be called, and Hayes, Dandridge, Unseld and Sikma all fouled out.

It was while Hayes, who scored only four of his 18 points in the second half, was on the bench in the fourth quarter that the Bullets came from seven points down on hot shooting by Charles Johnson, a guard, and a final get-out-of-the-way layin by Unseld. That put the game into overtime at 104-104.

It was fitting that Unseld should be the hero at that point; he had played brilliantly, with 16 points and 16 rebounds in 50 minutes. But in the overtime the heroes were Gus and D.J., scoring eight of Seattle's 10 points to finish with 36 and 32 respectively, and Sikma, scoring the other two on a pair of high-pressure free throws with 39 seconds left. That left Sikma with 20 points, 17 rebounds and five blocks, only one more than D.J., who notched his fourth at 0:03 on a 20-footer by Grevey that would have sent the game into another overtime.

"I think the knockout punch was delivered tonight," said Brown.

Before the frothing Game 5 home crowd in Landover, Hayes had a capital first half with 20 points and staked Washington to an early 11-point lead, its biggest since Game 1. As poorly as the Sonics played, shooting 38%, they were lucky to be down by only eight, 51-43, at halftime. Then Wilkens told his players to



The Seattle fans thought MVP Dennis Johnson was a doll, but the Bullets weren't amused.

ease up, slow down and wait for the open man, as they had all series. As Hayes struggled through another disappointing second half—nine points—the game eventually turned for Seattle.

With 1:32 left in the third period, the Bullets held what appeared to be a comfortable lead, 69-60, despite having lost both starting guards, Grevey and Tom Henderson, with injuries. But then D.J., Sikma, Shelton and the unsinkable Freddie Brown ran off 12 straight points, and the Sonics took the lead at 72-69. The Bullets never led after that but kept the pressure on through the final seconds.

After the game, Brown stood off in a corner of the locker room and wept—"This is heaven for me," he said—and various Sonics sprayed champagne while Williams and D.J. puffed on their giant cigars. They had scored 23 and 21 points respectively, and Wilkens was saying that in his 18 years in the NBA he had never seen a backcourt combination "that affected more things, offensively and defensively, than Dennis and Gus."

Sikma was sprawled in a chair, grinning, having exhausted himself—and Unseld—while scoring 12 points and taking down 17 boards. An ugly red welt curled halfway around his neck.

"Pretty tough out there," someone said, pointing to the welt.

"This?" said Sikma. "This is from everyone hugging me after the game." ■



# SEEING WAS BELIEVING AT CHAMPAIGN

*A look-alike middle-distance runner and a hurdler who looks too good to be true sparkled at the NCAA championships*  
by JOE MARSHALL

The Renaldo Nehemiah Show played Champaign, Ill. last week. To some it was the NCAA Track and Field Championships, but these days Nehemiah is track and field. Already this year the Maryland sophomore had established four indoor high-hurdles records and had twice lowered the outdoor mark, the second time to 13 seconds flat. Yet Nehemiah continues to top his own act. On Friday, after still another breathtaking race, he took his accustomed spot atop the victory stand and meet announcer Frank Zarowski informed the madly cheering crowd, "Although it was wind-aided, which will negate it for world-record purposes, you have seen the fastest hurdle race run in the history of track—12.91 seconds."

Wind or no wind, no human had ever before been electrically timed in the 110-meter high hurdles in less than 13 seconds. As marvelous as Sweets Nehemiah's performance was, before the five-day meet was over he found himself sharing center stage. On Saturday afternoon, the final day of the championships, Villanova junior Don Paige showed why he is being hailed as America's miler of the future by achieving a brilliant double. He took the 1,500 in 3:39.2, then came back only 35 minutes later to win the 800 in 1:46.18, a personal best. That double hadn't been accomplished in the NCAA since another Villanova runner, Ron Delany, did it in 1958, the year Paige was two years old.

The heroics of Nehemiah and Paige helped point out that these are the NCAA championships, plural. There is a team title, but the meet also awards national titles to collegians in 19 events. This year it was the individual competitions that far outshone the team battle. (By convenient coincidence the program listed the winner in each event in each of the 57 previous years of the competition, but omitted the team winners.)

For the record, the University of Texas at El Paso won its second team title in the past five years. UTEP scored 64



Don Paige, the spitting image of his idol Jim Ryun, used a Ryunosque kick to win the 800 and 1,500

points, 16 more than runner-up Villanova, having assured itself of victory by rolling up 50 points in four of the six Friday finals, including 10 unexpected first-place points from Jerome Deal, who won the 100-meter dash in 10.19. As Miners go, Deal has two peculiarities. He is an American, and he has an omega, indicative of a fraternity, branded on his left shoulder.

Villanova took second place on the strength of four first-place finishes on Saturday: Paige's double, Nate Cooper's triple jump of 56' 1 1/4", which made him America's fourth-best triple jumper in history, and, in the next-to-last event, a meet-record 13:20.63 in the 5,000 by Sydney Maree.

Paige's victory in the 1,500 evoked memories of the Villanova milers who have made that event a Wildcat preserve for more than two decades. They include Delany, Dave Patrick, Marty Liquei and Eamonn Coghlan, who among them won 10 NCAA titles. Despite the Villanova

dynasty, the runner Paige is most often compared to is former mile and 1,500-meter world-record holder Jim Ryun of Kansas. On the track the six-foot, 150-pound Paige closely resembles Ryun in everything from posture to floating gait to the way his head waggles just as he starts his powerful kick. The physical resemblance is just as strong. Paige even wears his hair in the Ryun manner.

Off the track, differences are apparent. Ryun was a serious, puritanical sort, often unsure of himself and close-mouthed except in the company of friends; Paige, a Dean's List student so finance, is confident and outgoing. Moments after he won his 800-meter semifinal last Friday, he was up in the stands drinking beer with friends.

"I've been compared to Ryun since I was a senior at Baldwinville [N.Y.] High," Paige says. "He was one of my idols in those days. When I was being recruited for college, my choice came down to Kansas, Ryun's school, or Villanova.

I still think of Ryan as the greatest miler ever. It's ridiculous to compare us in ability. I'm nowhere near his level. Ryan ran 3:55.3 in high school. I'm 22 and I still haven't run that fast."

To date, Paige's fastest mile time is 3:56.26, which he ran a month ago in Philadelphia. That race was particularly noteworthy because Paige beat a field that included Coghlan, Mares, Suleiman Nyambui and Wilson Waigwa. "I'm still four seconds away from 3:52, which is what the best milers run," Paige, who had concentrated on the 800 until this year, points out. "At this level those four seconds are a big jump. That's a step into world class."

Most observers feel he will take that step soon. "Paige has got everything," says Liguori, who was in Champaign as a TV commentator. "Most important, he has speed. To run with today's world-class milers you have to be able to do a half mile in 1:46. Don can. I could never break 1:48. You can build a runner's strength for longer distances, but you can't make him faster. And Don has great explosion. He can blow by you and open a 10-yard lead before you know what's happening, just like Ryan could."

Liguori's appraisal proved prophetic on Saturday. Paige won both his races by blowing past most of his competition in the last 100 meters. On each occasion, he brought the crowd to its feet whooping in delight. He showed his speed not only in his 800-meter time but also by sprinting the final 400 of the 1,500 in 53.6.

Paige won't decide until next year whether to aim his training at the Olympic 800 or 1,500, and when he does he will be following the advice of Jumbo Elliott, who has coached track at Villanova for 45 years. "You have to have faith in your coach, and I have very strong faith in Jumbo," Paige says. "He always says, 'Let me do the thinking. You do the running.' If he told me I could win the marathon in Moscow, I'd run the marathon."

In contrast, Nehemiah has become his own best coach in the hurdles, which he treats as an exercise in aerodynamics. He proved his skill in this science last Friday by making minor adjustments in his arm movements to compensate for the trailing wind, and then speeding to victory. Nehemiah's command of his event

has drawn heavy attention from the media, worldwide. This spring, for example, he has had interview requests from television networks in Italy, France and West Germany. Usually he is very obliging. Recently, however, he denied a request from an American television network that wanted to film his technique in detail and break it down for analysis. "My style is a personal thing," Nehemiah says. "That film would be too valuable. Other hurdlers could study it and learn some of the techniques I've discovered to make me faster."

The NCAA high hurdles was being touted as a showdown between Nehemiah and UCLA's Greg Foster, who beat him in the championship meet last year. But in reality Nehemiah has honed himself so fine over the intervening 12 months that his only competition is the record book. His 12.91 in Champaign was .64 of a second faster than the clocking of his closest competitor, Dan Oliver of Ohio State, who was eight meters behind at the finish. Unfortunately the wind at Nehemiah's back gusts to 7.7 mph just as he reached top speed. That's about 3 mph faster than what is allowable.

The truth is that the wind may have been a hindrance to Nehemiah rather than a help. Shortly before his race he said, "There's nothing I fear more than a tail wind. It can make you overstride in between the hurdles so that you get too close to them. I have to run with more caution." After the race Maryland Coach Frank Costello said, "Considering the time, you may not believe this, but that wasn't a good race for Skeets. He got too close on the first three hurdles and had to hold back." Confirming that observation, Nehemiah came by at that moment and muttered to his coach with a shake of his head, "Those last three." Then he pushed his hands out in front of him, indicating that he had had to brake himself. Asked if the wind had slowed him up, he replied, "Definitely."

The wind also played havoc with Foster's race. Despite one of his best starts ever, he was forced to play catch-up right from the start. The combination of the tail wind and the lengthening stride of his 6'3" frame as he tried to overtake Nehemiah got him too close to the hurdles. He hit the third barrier, then annihilated the sixth, shattering the cross-

bar with his lead foot. The seventh hurdle was upon the UCLA junior before he had a chance to get airborne again, so he simply steamrollered it. Mercifully, he put the hurdles out of their misery at that point by stopping short of the eighth.

Nehemiah said he has geared all his training toward the AAU championships—which will be held next week in Walnut, Calif.—and expected his best performance there. Is it possible that he can top his act again? No doubt about it, said Costello. Then, after a pause, he added, "I can't even tell you how fast he's capable of. It seems to be as fast as he wants. Before he's finished running, Renaldo Nehemiah will do to the hurdles what Bob Beamon did to the long jump."

END

Wind blew Nehemiah's 12.91 into a non-record



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICH CLARKSON

# THE SPREADING SCANDAL



Things got hot in Florida when the West Palm fronton was torched, and in Connecticut heat was put on players—not those shown—who allegedly fixed games.



Angry bettor Zink and reporter Driscoll kept pressing until officials began to dig. Bearded Florida investigator Somers and aides got shovelloads of evidence.

**K**evin Kane, a special prosecutor in the office of Austin McGuigan, the Chief State's Attorney for Connecticut, last week obtained warrants to arrest a player and three gamblers on charges of rigging and conspiring to rig games in 1977 at the Milford Jai Alai fronton. Kane acted after Superior Court Judge Eugene Kelly, who has been sitting and will continue to sit in Hartford as a special one-man grand jury, heard testimony

on widespread corruption in the sport.

One of those arrested was Paul Commonas, 29, a member of a gambling ring known as the Miami Syndicate, which is alleged to have won a fortune betting on rigged games at Milford in 1977. Lieutenant Richard Hurley and three troopers from the Connecticut State Police and members of the Fugitive Squad of the Dade County (Fla.) Public Safety Department arrested Commonas at his apart-

ment in North Miami. Apprehended on the same charges were Bert Ira Caskill, Commonas' former roommate in North Miami and West Haven, Conn., and James Sobie, a gambler who, like Commonas and Caskill, bet at the Milford fronton. At week's end, the police had been unable to find Juan Guardino, a 40-year-old jai alai player and native of Spain, to arrest him on identical charges. While the arrests were under way,

# IN JAI ALAI

A player and three bettors were charged with fixing games, and more revelations are expected as the probe continues  
by ROBERT BOYLE and NANCY WILLIAMSON



Commoney cashed a lot of win tickets, but he was a loser last week when police arrested him for allegedly rigging games. They seized fronton records, too.



Though Kane and McGowan issued arrest warrants and Hurley went south to nab three suspects, Snyder is convinced that legalized gambling can't be policed.

Leigh Somers, chief investigator for Florida's Division of Pari-Mutuel Wagering, which is conducting its own probe into corruption in the sport, seized 250 boxes of betting records, IRS forms and tickets from the Dania Jai Alai fronton north of Miami.

The arrests ordered by Connecticut authorities are likely to be merely the first of a number that will send shock waves through Florida, Rhode Island and Ne-

vada, where betting on jai alai is also legal, and perhaps put a fatal crimp in the sport's plans to invade Delaware, Louisiana, Maryland and about a dozen other states and two Canadian provinces. Recently, New Jersey State Senator David Friedland introduced a bill calling for the establishment of frontons in Jersey City, Camden and Long Branch, even though last year New Jersey voters turned down jai alai in a referendum. Us-

ing the standard spiel of proponents of legalized betting on jai alai and other sports, Senator Friedland renewed the call for building frontons in Jersey by claiming that the revenues the state would derive from the pari-mutuel betting would "be dedicated to helping the elderly and the medically and physically handicapped."

One difficulty with jai alai is that too many politicians who are at continued

best overly idealistic and at worst crooked have been overseeing the game, and proper regulation of the game is almost unknown. The revelations in Connecticut are not the result of probing by scrupulous politicians but of the questions and charges raised by three men: Harvey Ziskis, a bettor who was barred under clouded circumstances from the Hartford fronton, Theodore A. Driscoll, investigative reporter for *The Hartford Courant*, and Professor Lester Snyder of the University of Connecticut School of Law, who served on the State Commission on Special Revenue, popularly known as the gaming commission, from October of 1976 until last March.

To call the Connecticut gaming commission inept and naive would be kind. Before inspecting one of the state's three frontons, it would alert the management of its planned visit. Until its restructuring last month by Governor Ella T. Grasso and the legislature, the commission served for the most part as a dumping ground for political hacks. The last chairman was Mrs. Beatrice Kowalski, former head of the state's Republican Women's Club, and the last executive secretary was James Fitzgerald, a Democratic town chairman.

Legalized betting came to Connecticut in 1972, and the state now gets about \$75 million a year in revenues from levies on gambling. The frontons in Hartford, Milford and Bridgeport did not open until 1976 and 1977, but from the beginning politicians have been involved behind the scenes. Indeed, the original owner of the Bridgeport Jai Alai fronton, David Friend, claimed he paid a \$250,000 bribe to John Bailey, the former state and national chairman of the Democratic Party, to get the license to build his fronton. Bailey was dead when Friend made his charge, and a judge later cleared Bailey's name, but that didn't lay to rest the rumors of wrongdoing that have pervaded the sport in Connecticut and elsewhere. Now much of what was hidden is starting to emerge. For example:

- There is a logical and widespread suspicion that at least some bettors in the Miami Syndicate, who have been operating in Connecticut, Florida and Rhode Island, are merely hirelings of richer and more sophisticated criminals, who have netted the millions of dollars the Syndicate has bet and have reaped huge winnings. In return, some Syn-

dicate members reportedly received a salary and living expenses.

- Members of the Miami Syndicate allegedly have been cheating the IRS by inducing others, including fronton employees, to sign forms saying that the non-members had won some of the big bets actually placed by the Syndicate. Thus the Syndicate's bettors may have avoided moving into higher tax brackets and paying the full levies on their winnings.

- World Jai-Alai owns the Hartford fronton and four others located in Florida. A year ago, Roger Wheeler, a Tulsa oilman and chairman of the Telex Corporation, who has a reputation for honesty, bought World Jai-Alai. The previous owners had sought to peddle it to Bally Manufacturing Company, the world's largest slot machine manufacturer, which has had mob ties in the past. That deal never came about. Paul Rico, who was and is World's vice-president in charge of security, also attempted to get Jack Cooper of Miami Beach, an associate of mob boss Meyer Lansky, to buy World. A former World president, John Callahan, had underworld associations.

- Until recent months, the state of Florida, where betting at frontons has been legal for 44 years, boasted that jai alai was the cleanest pari-mutuel operation in the country. The trouble is no one ever really took a close look at the sport. As Captain Richard Sheets of the Palm Beach County Sheriff's Department, which has been investigating charges of criminal activities at the West Palm Beach fronton, says, "Jai alai is difficult to penetrate. It's one big fraternal organization. You have the same people—players, cashiers, bettors, mutual clerks and management—moving from fronton to fronton. They are very clanish people, and when you have the same group operating in Rhode Island, Connecticut and Florida, there are all kinds of opportunities for fraud." Dan Bradley, division director of the Florida Pari-Mutuel Commission, puts it more bluntly in discussing gambling irregularities in Florida's 10 frontons: "It's not just at one and it's not just at two, it's at all of them."

The events that led up to last week's arrests began in 1976 when Ziskis, a resident of Newington, Conn., then 34, married, with one child, went to work at the Hartford fronton, helping to manage the food concessions. Ziskis' job required him to get the concessions ready before

the fronton opened for the evening, but then he was free until after the last game. Given time to poke around, he was soon struck by the fact that a coterie of a dozen gamblers from Florida, who became known to him as the Miami Syndicate, were using sophisticated mathematical formulas to figure the odds and place bets, particularly on trifectas, in which a bettor must pick the top three players or doubles teams in the order they finish.

Ziskis' credibility as a witness on activities in jai alai is well regarded by officials of the Florida pari-mutuel division, the *Courant's* Driscoll, the investigative reporter who has worked most exhaustively on the jai alai case; and Professor Snyder, the most outspoken member of the now disbanded Connecticut gaming commission.

Principal among the so-called systems bettors were Rodney Woods, Ronald Werner, David Herman and Stephen Davidson. They were all in their late 20s and early 30s and usually wore casual but uniform attire—running shoes, jeans and sports shirts.

To understand how the Miami Syndicate cleaned up by betting trifectas in Connecticut, it's necessary to know how jai alai is played and bet.

In doubles (the same rules apply to singles, but doubles account for nine of 10 of the 12 games on an evening's program), pair No. 1 plays pair No. 2 to begin each game. The winners of the opening point then play pair No. 3 and so on down the line to the No. 8 pair. In most games, after each of the eight pairs has had a turn on the court, a second round begins in which the winners get two points, instead of one, for each win. The first team to get seven points wins the game.

Analyses of trifecta combinations show certain numbers rarely win. For example, an \$18 box bet on 678—which covers every possible combination of 6, 7 and 8—is a sucker bet; 678, 768 and 876 almost never come in, because those teams enter the game so late. The Miami Syndicate left sucker numbers out of its basic betting system in favor of combinations that mostly involved players on teams numbered 1 through 5.

The *Courant's* Driscoll has calculated that the Syndicate won about \$1.12 for every \$1 bet, a 12% profit. By comparison, an average bettor gets a return of only 82¢ for every \$1 wagered, an 18% loss. That, as is reported below, Woods was able to bribe the handicapper at one

fronton and that Commonas allegedly rigged games gave the Syndicate advantages that may well have increased their profit to much more than 12%.

Systems betting isn't illegal, nor, incredibly enough, were the extraordinary privileges granted members of the Miami Syndicate by the Hartford fronton. They were given their own ticket puncher, their own cashier and access to computer printouts of the betting every 90 seconds while wagering was under way. Such printouts are not usually available to the public. Mark Wiesenfeld, the assistant mutuels manager, provided the printouts because, as he later testified, he thought they were "public docu-

minimal. The Miami Syndicate had such total control and such an acute sense of how to "tune" the odds that members were even able to bet just enough on a trifecta so that a win would pay less than 300 to 1. By keeping the payoff to less than 300 to 1, Syndicate members could pocket all their winnings, instead of having the IRS withhold 20%, as it automatically does on all winning tickets on payoffs of 300 to 1 or more.

Members of the Miami Syndicate did not restrict their activities to Hartford. At Bridgeport Jai Alai, the management provided a private lounge, a ticket-punching machine—on which Woods himself sometimes punched out tickets—

activities. He took notes on systems betting, and when the fronton opened for its second season, in May 1977, he began systems betting. Although Ziskis started with a bankroll of \$15,000, he found himself short of cash within a week. Even when he bet some trifectas correctly, he made little money because the Syndicate, alerted by the printouts, covered his wagers so heavily that the odds on his choices dropped severely. Strapped, Ziskis stopped betting to raise a new bankroll and revise his system. In August, he started wagering again at Hartford. He was a winner, but on his third night a cashier accused him of running off with a winning ticket worth \$478, after collecting on it at the window. "It was a setup," Ziskis claims. But the fronton barred him, alleging he had planned to cash the \$478 ticket twice.

Angered, Ziskis went to see Mort Denenstein, head of security for the gaming commission. He said he had been set up and wanted to be readmitted to the fronton. He also alluded to the activities of the Miami Syndicate. Nothing came of this visit to Denenstein, who later retired from the commission but who is now reportedly being investigated in connection with a fix of the state lottery.

Ziskis soon visited the gaming commission's staff again, this time meeting with Denenstein, Racing Director Louis Fiocchi and Lieutenant Hurley of the state police. Ziskis told them about the Miami Syndicate and said he wanted back in at the fronton. He was told to get in touch with the management of Hartford Jai Alai. But when he did, Gerald Coakley, a former FBI agent who was then head of security, told him, "There's no way in hell you're coming back." Ziskis replied, "I'm going to blow the lid off the place." Ziskis asked the gaming commission staff for a hearing on his case, but nothing happened until he went to William Cockerham, who covered the commission for the *Courant*. Cockerham called Fiocchi, and the next day the commission announced there would be an inquiry on systems betting.

Ziskis says that Lieutenant Hurley then asked Ziskis to accompany him to the Milford fronton and point out members of the Miami Syndicate. "I showed him Woods and Paul Commonas, another systems bettor, who hadn't been at Hartford," Ziskis says. According to Ziskis, Hurley saw nothing amiss, but when Ziskis, who was allowed to bet at

*continued*



Connecticut's gaming concession was disbanded when Kowalski and colleagues didn't do the job.

ments." When Hartford Jai Alai stopped Wiesenfeld from doing this, John DeWees, a ticket puncher, began providing the information.

Having the betting printouts gave the Miami Syndicate a huge advantage. With access to them, the Miami Syndicate immediately knew what other bettors were doing. The printouts, which showed how many bets had been placed on each of the 336 trifecta combinations, allowed Syndicate members to stay away from the heavily played numbers and to bet on those that were less popular. Moreover, as it turned out, the printouts permitted the Miami Syndicate to spot other systems bettors and drive them out of the game by wagering so heavily on their numbers that the payoff on them was

TV monitors and computer printouts. At Milford Jai Alai, the Syndicate went even further. They are supposed to have had players in the bag, and Woods bribed Frederick Vines, the official handicapper, who puts out a tout sheet, to omit the Syndicate's favorites from his selections. At all three Connecticut locations, the Miami Syndicate had fronton employees working for them—providing such services as access to fronton vaults in which Syndicate members could store their money. In some cases, the employees made more from the Syndicate than they did from the frontons. When word of the payoffs came out, the gaming commission genteelly referred to them as "gratuities."

While working at the Hartford fronton, Ziskis observed the Syndicate's ac-

Milford, went back on his own, he saw a lot. "Commons and Woods were betting a system together," Ziskis says. "They were eliminating [i.e., not wagering on] certain numbers in their betting. I listened for a couple of days and then started watching what the players were doing. This went on for a couple of weeks. I observed the statistics, and I became convinced they were betting on fixes. The players I thought were doing the fixing had been late-game players at Dana, but at Milford they were in the early games, in the 1, 2 and 3 post positions." The No. 1, 2 and 3 players in the early games on a program are usually the least skilled, Ziskis, therefore, is alleging that the best players—the ones who usually appear in the later games—were shifted around to suit the wishes of the Miami Syndicate.

In support of his charges, Ziskis cites statistics on some of the players. "Iriondo played in 20 singles games," Ziskis says. "In 14 of the 20 games, Iriondo was eliminated in Commons' and Woods' bets, and he lost all 14 games. In the six other games, they bet heavily on him, and he had three wins and three ties. Iriondo was the leading singles player at Milford, despite those 14 losses."

"Arina played with Arina as a doubles team. In 24 games in which Commons and Woods eliminated them from the betting, Arina and Arina finished out of the money. But for the season, they were the leading doubles team in Milford."

According to Ziskis, by fixing games and manipulating the odds, Commons and Woods were able to take a bundle out of Milford in 1977, but the money was not theirs to keep, because they were "just fronts."

In November and December of 1977 the gaming commission held the hearing Ziskis requested, and Ziskis and his family began to get threatening phone calls. One caller told him, "You're going to wind up in the bottom of the Connecticut River in cement shoes," Ziskis says. "The commission and the state police were afraid they would be embarrassed—cause they had been neglectful." On the stand, Ziskis was able to reveal little of his evidence because, he alleges, "all the questions were directed around what I wanted to say."

The gaming commission hearing depicted Woods as someone who just happened to bet a mathematical system and gave fronton employees "gratuities" for

their assistance, while Commons, who said he was unable to testify because he had a cold, was portrayed simply as a very knowledgeable bettor. The hearing produced no significant results, and as Professor Snyder says, "I began to get suspicious about the sources of the millions of dollars bet by the Miami Syndicate. Woods alone was betting something on the order of \$4 million or \$5 million a year just in Connecticut. Who was backing these people...? I made a statement in the record that the commission hadn't gone far enough."

Given a clean bill of health, Commons returned to Florida and began betting at the Dana fronton, which, like Milford, is owned by the Saturday Corporation. At Dana, Commons began winning, but in February of 1978 someone blew the whistle and charged that five players against whom he had bet were in the tank. Bradley suspended the five. He promptly reinstated them after they passed lie-detector tests arranged by the Saturday Corporation.

**B**ut the charges of fixing wouldn't go away, at least not in Connecticut. While Driscoll kept investigating, Vines, the house handicapper at Milford, confessed out of the blue that he had been bribed by Woods to eliminate certain picks from his tout sheets. The evidence against Vines would have been very difficult to prove, and the suspicion is that Vines and Woods, who soon confessed to bribing Vines, were being offered up by a party or parties unknown to divert attention from what really had gone on. Pleading guilty to commercial bribery, a misdemeanor, Vines and Woods paid fines of \$500 and \$7,500, respectively.

In August, after Driscoll had written a story in the *Courant* reporting that Commons' betting pattern at Milford was the same that he used at Dana, Professor Snyder urged the gaming commission to act. "I insisted we get the state police involved," he says. "Instead, the commission decided to have an 'in-house' investigation." After statisticians at the University of Connecticut and MIT concluded that analysis of the betting and players' records indicated games at Milford had been fixed, Snyder asked the commission to hold a full hearing to investigate the Saturday Corporation. "The commission didn't seem to want anything to come out of this," Snyder says, "and delay followed delay."

Concerned "that the whole mess might be swept under the rug," Professor Snyder resigned from the commission, but not before asking Governor Grasso for a full investigation of legalized gambling in Connecticut. The governor, who had been seeking to restructure the commission, called upon Chief State's Attorney McGuigan to appoint a special prosecutor. Kane, the Middlesex County prosecutor, was named to the job, and in March he began presenting witnesses and evidence to Superior Court Judge Kelly, the one-man grand jury.

With matters simmering in Connecticut, things suddenly—and literally—got hot in Florida. The day after last Christmas, the West Palm Beach fronton burned down. "Somebody put a match to it," says owner Arthur Silverstein, a former contractor who also owns the Newport fronton, the only one in Rhode Island. The fire marshal established that arson was indeed the cause. The West Palm Beach fronton was the second of Florida's 10 frontons to have gone up in smoke in four years. In 1974 the Daytona fronton burned down in a fire listed as undetermined with a suspicious nature, and all betting records were lost. Silverstein had also built that fronton. When West Palm went up in flames, Bradley said that the betting records there were also lost in the blaze.

Soon some curious facts began to emerge about West Palm Beach and Silverstein's other fronton in Newport, which shared employees and players. It turned out that the insurance on the West Palm Beach fronton had been doubled to \$8 million a few months before the fire occurred. Driscoll reported that Woods and Davidson of the Miami Syndicate had been in constant telephone contact with Don Roberts, general manager of the West Palm fronton, and William Fusco, the mutuels manager at both West Palm and Newport. Furthermore, before the fire, Fusco and many of the other employees at the Newport fronton, who later worked at West Palm Beach, were reprimanded by Rhode Island gaming authorities for betting on games while on the job.

Early last March, Driscoll reported that although the West Palm Beach records had gone up in smoke, there was evidence that the Miami Syndicate had gotten special treatment at the fronton. West Palm Beach officials punched out tickets for Syndicate members without bother-

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ing to collect the money. Several fronton employees, he also reported, falsely signed their names to IRS forms—the W-2 (No. 5754) forms that pari-mutuel operations are required to submit on big winners—in return for 10% of the amount won by Syndicate members.

After this Driscoll story appeared, the Palm Beach County Sheriff's Department, which had been told only to investigate the arson, was given the go-ahead to look into other alleged irregularities. It was a breakthrough. "For 40 years no one had taken a hard look at jai alai in the state of Florida," says Captain Sheets. He began scratching around for leads, and to his surprise he heard that not all records had been destroyed in the fronton fire. Told that they had been buried nearby, the sheriff's office obtained a warrant and a backhoe and began digging. "The first 3½ days we found nothing," Sheets says. "Then we got an anonymous call telling us to move so many feet east and north. There were the records." The documents, which include computer printouts and tickets, were sodden with rain and mixed with trash. Sylvester told Rhode Island authorities that he had been given the go-ahead to bury the records, but Florida officials denied he had the written permission required to do it.

Despite the arrests in the Connecticut case, the investigations in Florida have a long way to go. "Florida is just in the preliminary stages," says Somers, who feels outgunned. "It's me and four other guys up against 37 pari-mutuel plants. I don't have the tools to work with."

It's noteworthy, however, that Somers' office acted quickly and professionally on Connecticut's behalf last week, helping with arrests and seizing the documents from the Dana fronton to prevent their destruction. Florida, it seems, is now ready to give jai alai that hard look it hasn't had in 40 years.

Thanks to Governor Grasso and the legislature, Connecticut now has a new Gaming Policy Board that will be run by an executive director. All but two of the old commission members are out. But none of this impresses Professor Snyder. "When I was appointed to the old commission, I didn't think gambling was wrong," he says. "But the basic flaw in the whole system is that the state is in gambling to make money, and therefore the state will never regulate it properly. Abuse will prevail."

END

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# **PLAYING HURT- THE DOCTORS' DILEMMA**

The team physician: is his paramount concern the health of the athlete or is it the welfare of the club? by **WILLIAM NACK**



Bill Lee began to see in late August of 1978 what the pain was doing to Carlton Fisk. These, of course, were not ordinary times in Boston. The Red Sox were coming to the turn for home in the race for the American League East. They had been fighting off injuries along the way, and, although they were still in the lead, they were beginning to show signs of strain. Behind them the Yankees were in second place and running. Fisk, play-

ing in agony, was catching every day. Lee, who now pitches for Montreal, urged him to lay off.

"Ah," Fisk would tell him, "I can do one more."

And one more . . . and one more . . .

"I looked into his eyes," Lee says. "He looked like a raccoon. You could see he was playing in pain and it was just sapping his body. His eyes were sunk back in his head, with dark rings around them. I told him not to play. Some guys like days off, some guys don't. Some guys like to gut it out. Some guys have to have governors on them. Fisk is a guy you've got

to put a governor on. He's just going out there because of his puritanical upbringing—you know, staunch, quiet, archconservative, play-with-an-arrow-in-your-heart type of thing."

Late in July, a month in which he batted .365, Fisk had broken a rib when he crashed into the stands going for a pop foul. A New Englander imbued with the ethic that one must endure pain and suffering to achieve success, Fisk played on, despite great discomfort. He maintains that no one told him not to—not Manager Don Zimmer (who has a metal plate in his head from a beining), not Hay-

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*San Diego Soccer Jean Willrich has had his share of injuries, after one, his team doctor quit when the diagnosis of a fracture was questioned*



wood Sullivan, the club's owner and general manager, not Dr. Arthur Pappas, the team physician. Pappas, determining that Fisk could continue playing without additional risk of injury, left the decision to play up to him. "I was never one to make an excuse," Fisk says. "I wasn't about to let a little pain and agony stop me from playing."

And so on he played, game after game. In the process of adjusting his throwing to compensate for the pain in the ribs, Fisk injured his right elbow. Nonetheless, he hung in as the Red Sox floundered through the stretch.

Never did Zimmer tell him to take a day off. "He came up to me a couple of times," Fisk says. "It was never, 'I want to give you a day off.' It was always, 'You're all right, aren't you?' Or 'You can play, can't you?' Or, 'You don't need a day off, do you?'"

"We were fighting for the pennant and he wanted to play," Zimmer says. "The doctor told him if he could stand the pain, it wouldn't hurt to play." And: "He never stopped throwing good."

Today, Fisk is paying for playing the last six weeks of the 1978 season. Following a winter of worry and idleness—worry that his arm wouldn't come back and idleness enforced by the pain in the arm—following a spring in which he could barely throw, Fisk has recently come off the Boston disabled list. "I don't know who should shoulder the responsibility," he says. "Seeing as I was the one who made the decision, you could

blame me. But I think the situation was pretty obvious last year, me throwing three-boppers into centerfield and hitting only one home run the last six weeks of the season. As a player, they know what I can do and what I had been doing, which wasn't a heck of a lot. I feel as though it's up to the medical advice whether you play or not. When I broke my rib, I should have had two weeks off. But the doctor said, 'Well, you can't hurt yourself any more than what's already been done.' The reason I hurt my elbow is I was favoring my ribs when I threw. I think he could have been a little more informative. He could have indicated what the cause and effect could really be. I think he should have indicated the problems that could arise."

Fisk's reflections address an issue that has become increasingly prominent in sports in the past year: the role of team doctors, and especially the question of where their loyalties lie. While team physicians treat the players, they are paid by the owners. And although there are some excellent doctors and some enlightened owners, built into the relationship is an inherent conflict of interest. Whose interest do the doctors have at heart—that of the owner, who wants players out there on the field, or that of the player, who in certain circumstances probably shouldn't be out there? Ideally, the doctor serves the interest of the player-patient exclusively, just as if he had walked into his office off the street, and in practice no doubt many team doctors do so.

Evidently others do not. Team physicians work for men of varying temperament, from those inclined to demand and meddle to those who choose to stay aloof. The conflicts the doctors endure are multifarious, some of them self-imposed.

The case of Carlton Fisk wasn't the first, or the most dramatic. Nor was it the only one to prompt questions about playing hurt, playing with the aid of drugs and winning at all costs. So explosive and sensitive is the issue that several professional athletes wouldn't comment for the record about medical practices on their teams, including two prominent football players who feared reprisals in the form of trades or being placed on waivers.

During Fisk's ordeal last August, Bill Walton rose up and demanded to be traded from the Portland Trail Blazers. Walton accused the Blazers of misusing four pain-modifying drugs in treating him and suggested that the injection of one of them, Xylocaine, led to the fracture of a bone in his left foot during a playoff game against Seattle. Earlier that season, in another game against Seattle, Blazer Forward Bob Gross had suffered a devastating fracture of the left ankle after it had been numbed by three shots of Marcaine, a local anesthetic.

Doug Collins, the 76ers' star guard, suggested at a press conference in February that the team misled him as to the nature of an injury in order to keep him playing. The team doctor told Collins it was an inflammation of soft tissue in the left ankle. The general manager, Pat Williams, was quoted as saying that Collins had a low pain threshold. Collins went to another doctor, who diagnosed a fractured bone spur that required surgery. Further medical opinion confirmed this diagnosis. Collins received an apology from Williams, and the physicians involved in the case said there had been an honest difference of medical opinion on the need for surgery. Surgery was performed, and Collins was out for nearly eight weeks. After resuming play he suffered a stress fracture in the arch of the same foot and missed the rest of the season and the playoffs.

Shortly after the Collins incident, two former team doctors of the New York Yankees accused club officials of meddling in the team's medical affairs. But it was the Walton affair that really brought to public notice the doctor-athlete dilemma.

Walton, who recently signed with the

continued



Fisk says he played out the '78 season with a broken rib because Dr. Pappas did not stop him

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San Diego Chippers, says he learned valuable lessons from his experience. "The thing that athletes hear most is, 'It won't get any worse, it won't get any worse,'" he says. "They keep trying to tell you it's O.K. to play. You hear time and time again that you can't hurt it any worse. Somebody's got to come to you at some point and say, 'Hey, why don't you think about being champion next year.' Athletes are so competitive. They're so intent on being out there. We grow up under whole lives believing we should be out there. All of a sudden you can't and you don't know why. You hope like heck that somebody can do something to help you out. We learn to trust doctors. Sometimes we shouldn't."

For Pappas, the Red Sox' physician, the conflict is even more explicit. Pappas not only works for the owners but he is also one of them, having just under 4% of the team. "I haven't found this to be a problem at all," he says. Fisk is aware of Pappas' dual role, an unusual situation in professional sports and one that other team doctors have said they would avoid. Yet Fisk and Lee are quick to point out that Pappas, an orthopedic surgeon, is more suited than his predecessor to serve the needs of a baseball team. "He was a urologist," Lee says of the Sox' previous doctor.

"In that respect he [Dr. Pappas] is more qualified for the position," says Fisk. "In the same breath you can say he's got a vested interest in the team and he's going to want to get you back out there. I guess that's part of his job whether he had a vested interest or not. He'd be wanting to get you better, but not with the players' interest at heart. He'd want to get you better for the team."

That he didn't discourage Fisk from playing, Pappas says, had nothing to do with the pennant race. Even if the team had been in the cellar, he says, he would have left the determination up to Fisk. "I still think it's his decision," Pappas says. "It's not that he was making himself any worse. I don't think he's done himself any major permanent damage by playing. I asked him if he'd like to take time off and he said no, he'd rather play. We discussed the injury, and he felt that as long as he was able to participate, contribute to the team, that he would elect to continue playing. Frequently it's the pain that makes the decision as to whether someone is ready to return or not. They're not going to play until I feel, by

examination, they're not going to do themselves any permanent harm."

"I don't think I have any resentment, but I'm very wary," Fisk says. "I don't have much trust in one man's opinion—not a specific one, any one."

"I don't think I ever played where every movement, every upper-body movement, dictated that type of discomfort. When I wasn't actually moving, it was throbbing, every time I moved, the pain was sharp. They gave me anti-inflammatory drugs and, with that and the broken ribs, I wasn't able to sleep at night. They gave me something to go to sleep, and then I couldn't get up the next day—round and round."

When team doctors testify in injury grievance proceedings there is no question where their loyalties lie. Dick Berthelsen, the counsel for the National Football League Players' Association, has handled 67 such cases. In 39, the arbitrator found the club liable to some degree. "In every injury grievance I've ever been involved in," Berthelsen says, "the team doctor has been a witness for the club and in opposition to the player. So in every case you've got that question: is the doctor strictly the agent of the club, or does he have any kind of professional relationship with the player? Obviously, by testifying on behalf of the club against the player, you have a different situation than you normally do when a doctor is talking about his patient."

**A**ccording to the standard contract, NFL players are entitled to their salary if, after passing their physical examinations, they become disabled while playing or practicing, even in the preseason. In all injury grievance proceedings, the player's claim is that he was cut from the team while still injured. Brian D. Monaghan, a San Diego attorney who has represented several players in such matters, is convinced that doctors are in cahoots with their teams to deny the players their money. The scenario, according to Monaghan, goes like this: the player is injured in the preseason after he has passed his physical. As the final cut approaches, he goes to the team doctor, "who will ostensibly examine the player to determine if he is ready to return to practice." The doctor passes him, tells him he is fit to play and asks him to sign a release. The player is then cut from the squad. Because the team has certified him ready to play, it now contends

it has no financial obligation to him. In any way the team is able to save thousands of dollars in salaries. After leaving camp, the player visits a private physician and discovers that he has clearly identifiable injuries, such as a herniated disk or torn ligaments.

Most team physicians are orthopedic surgeons, and they work in a stressful environment in which the object is to field players and win, and the patient is a well-conditioned, exceptionally motivated man who often wants to play—despite injuries and infirmities—more desperately than his owner, his coach and even his creditors want him to. If the doctors always seem to be on the owners' side in court and hearing rooms, few will confess to divided loyalties on the playing fields, where they claim that their first duty, their only real obligation, is to the patient. Yet their decisions are subject to a variety of pressures, not only from without but also from within, conflicting crosscurrents pushing them this way and that.

"It must be one of the most difficult of all medical roles," says Dr. Bruce Ogilvie, a clinical psychologist who has worked as a consultant with a number of pro teams during the past 25 years and was a co-founder, with Dr. Thomas Tutko, of the Institute of Athletic Motivation in San Jose, Calif. "You can't be a team physician without becoming a red-hot jock yourself," says Ogilvie. "I know for myself. My heart, soul and identification are with these players. The doctor is no different from me in that regard. But that places him in a very difficult position. He has to make judgments on readiness to play, medical treatment, diagnoses in situations of high stress—going down to the wire for the playoffs, going for the championship. In these situations he can't help but be torn."

Most team physicians hesitate at any suggestion that a doctor might give advice that is injurious to a player. "That would be a reprehensible situation," says Dr. Robert Kertan, the noted orthopedic surgeon and physician to four professional teams. "Certainly no doctor worth his salt would be associated with any program where his primary concern was not his patient, and the athlete is his patient."

If some team doctors are able to do as they please without interference, others claim to have been less fortunate. The Yankees are working on their third team

*(continued)*

physician in four years. "Team physicians are caught in a dichotomy, really," says Dr. Maurice Cowen, who held the post in 1977 and 1978. "They're under pressure by owners to do certain things, to get somebody back, and also under their own moral obligation to practice good medicine and take care of the player. And you sort of have to stave off the owner." The Yankees may be the most secretive, evasive team in pro sports in dispensing information about injuries. "I've been instructed by the Yankees, 'Don't tell the player what's wrong with him,'" says Cowen. He says he felt pressure from the front office on how to treat players. He would find a player unable to play and tell the manager. "The manager will say O.K. But then you'll get back from the front office: 'Why can't he play? What's the matter with him? He's a faker. He always does this. He could play. He's just afraid.'"

The front office—owner George Steinbrenner and president Al Rosen—deny Cowen's allegation. But Dr. Edward Crane, Cowen's predecessor, says he generally agrees with Cowen's assessment of front-office meddling. He says he quit because he could no longer abide its policies, which he felt had reduced him to being an iodine-and-band-Aid man.

It took Dr. Jay Malkoff only one 30-second experience to quit his job as team physician for the San Diego Sockers soccer team this spring. The Sockers were playing their second home game of the season against the champions of the North American Soccer League, the Cosmos. With 15 minutes left in the game, San Diego's Jean Wilfrich cracked heads with one of the Cosmos and went down. Malkoff went out to check him and found nothing serious; Wilfrich continued in the game. At the end of regulation play, with the score tied 1-1, Wilfrich came to the sideline complaining of a terrible pain in his cheek. Looking at him a second time, Malkoff diagnosed that his cheekbone was fractured. He had missed it the first time. "One cheekbone was dimpled in," Malkoff says.

"He can't play anymore," Malkoff said to the Sockers' Austrian-born coach, Hubert Vogelsinger. "He's got a fractured cheekbone."

Vogelsinger said, "Do you have a Röntgen?" Röntgen is German parlance for X ray.

"I don't need one," Malkoff shot back. "I can see it's fractured."

Vogelsinger asked again, "Do you have a Röntgen?"

"If you look here," Malkoff said, pointing to the dimple, "you'll see why I don't need one."

"I don't see how you can make a judgment without a Röntgen," Vogelsinger said.

"Find yourself another doctor," Malkoff said, picked up his bag, and walked off the field and out of the stadium. "I can't work like that," he said later. His outburst had an effect—Wilfrich didn't return to the game. "One of the tragedies of most modern pro sports is that it's very shortsighted," says Tutko, who is a professor of psychology at San Jose State University and has worked as a writer and consultant in sports medicine for 17 years. "His views are the immediate game, the immediate season. The physician's got to be able to take an awful lot of guff and rebuff, coercion, threats and innuendo from managers, coaches, owners and what-have-you because they want the players to play. It's a kind of meat market. Get the meat out on the field. They can't be concerned with two years from now. Right now is what they're concerned about. I'm not saying this is true of all owners and coaches, but the vast majority are in a situation where the immediate becomes important."

**T**utko believes that, in the majority of cases, team physicians bow to pressures to bring bullplayers back. "There's always the feeling that in the off-season you can rest, or there's a day or two's rest after this game so you won't have to worry. The core of the player's feeling is, 'Well, I'm just another body, and they'll use my body until I can't play any longer, then they'll use another body.'"

One of the most vexing problems that team physicians say they face is the player himself, his unbridled willingness to play when hurt, to submit to the knife and the needle, to tough it out under pain and pressure. "I remember talking once to Charlie Krueger, a great All-Pro defensive tackle for the 49ers," says Ogilvie. "He was on the training table one day and the trainer was working on his newly repaired knee. His knees looked like they should be examples in an orthopedic hospital. I said to him, 'Charlie, how can you get out there with those legs and do what you do?' He looked me right in the eye and he said, 'Doc, I can't dishonor

the way I feel about myself as a man.'"

"There is almost a masochistic side to it. To master and handle their pain is a very self-enhancing, elevating, self-fulfilling experience, kind of getting involved in the ultimate measurements of their being, their worth."

To play is everything, for many the only thing. Sitting out with an injury is like being socially ostracized. "When you step out of that mainstream," says Bob Trumpy, who used to play tight end for the Cincinnati Bengals, "it's like you've been blackballed from the fraternity."

"We had a guy on this football team, Ken Dyer was his name," Trumpy continued. "He had a knee injury. He was out for two or three weeks and then came back and suffered a severe neck injury. Now, you talk about a tough decision for somebody to make. But it was Ken Dyer's choice to get back there on that football field. He knew he was an important part of our football team and there was nobody who was going to take him out of the lineup because he felt he was physically ready. He still walks a little mechanically and he can't run and he can play very little golf, but he's happy."

The problem, Kerlan says, is not the owner and front office. "It's when the player wants to play and we don't think he should," he says. "That's where we run into trouble." There is, for instance, the football player who wants another knee operation, even though he is cautioned that as a result he may have arthritis in years to come. "He says, 'Look, it's my knee. I have a whole life to live, I've got a family to support, I want to do this. It's the only thing I know how to do. I'm not an auditor, I'm not an attorney. I'm going to have to cash in right now because my whole future's on the line, my whole security. Now please, do anything you can. I want to play! That's where our problem is.'"

If a player behaves otherwise, he is labeled a malingering. The burden is always on him. It was on Walton last year. Wracked by conflict and doubt, but remembering how he'd been called a "faker" and an "idiot" during his problem-plagued early career, he agreed to the shot of Xylocaine.

"I think the point is that players themselves really have to have the courage to stand up and say, 'Hey, I'm injured,'" Walton says. "A year ago I didn't have that courage to say no. Fortunately, now I have that courage."

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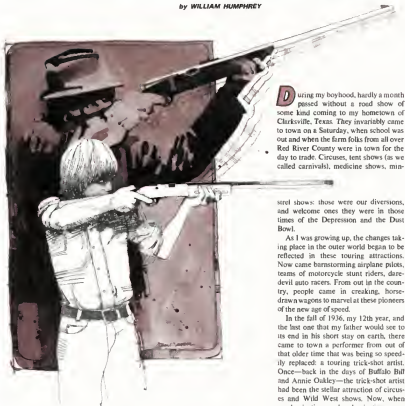
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# A SHOT FROM OUT OF THE PAST

All manner of barnstormers hit Texas in the 1930s, but the most memorable was an old trick-shot artist—even then an anachronism

by WILLIAM HUMPHREY



**D**uring my boyhood, hardly a month passed without a road show of some kind coming to my hometown of Clarksville, Texas. They invariably came to town on a Saturday, when school was out and when the farm folks from all over Red River County were in town for the day to trade. Circuses, tent shows (as we called carnivals), medicine shows, min-

serel shows: those were our diversions, and welcome ones they were in those times of the Depression and the Dust Bowl.

As I was growing up, the changes taking place in the outer world began to be reflected in these touring attractions. Now came barnstorming airplane pilots, teams of motorcycle stunt riders, daredevil auto racers. From out in the country, people came in creaking, horse-drawn wagons to marvel at these pioneers of the new age of speed.

In the fall of 1936, my 12th year, and the last one that my father would see to its end in his short stay on earth, there came to town a performer from out of that older time that was being so speedily replaced: a touring trick-shot artist. Once—back in the days of Buffalo Bill and Annie Oakley—the trick-shot artist had been the stellar attraction of circuses and Wild West shows. Now, when mechanization and urbanization were transforming the country and relegating

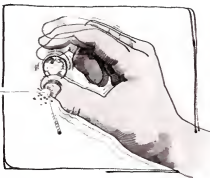
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the mighty hunter to the nation's past, to find an audience the trick-shot artist came to places like Clarksville where that vanishing America lingered on, and where men of the mold admired by that world were admired still. The act was admission-free, sponsored by one of the sporting arms and ammunition manufacturers, and meant to stimulate interest in shooting and to promote the sale of the company's products. I bear upon my body, and will take with me to my grave, a memento of the trick-shot artist's visit to my hometown.

On the fair grounds that day to watch the trick-shot artist perform was almost the entire male population of the county, among them men who, once the hog they butchered in the fall was eaten, went into the woods in bland disregard of the game laws (no attempt was made to enforce them in our parts) and by their woodcraft and marksmanship furnished meat for their table until hog-killing time the next autumn. To these men ammunition was a medium of exchange, one more acceptable than the currency of the realm, which was not edible in any case and was subject to fluctuations in value beyond a common man's control, whereas a cartridge was still worth the same as always: one head of game. Their fathers had made hunters of these men just as they had put them to the plow, and at about the same early age, and trained them never to waste a bullet. Now they had put aside for the day their cotton-picking and crop-gathering to come watch a man do better than they what they themselves did surpassingly well, and to judge whether he was a better shot than their local champion, whose son and only child I was.

When the trick-shot artist was satisfied that all had come who were going to come, he picked one rifle from his array of automatic .22s. It might have been a piece of chalk, except that his blackboard—actually a sheet of copper two feet wide and three feet tall, mounted on plywood—was 50 feet from him. With a noise like a woodpecker attacking a tele-

phone pole, which was barely interrupted as his assistant passed him a fresh, loaded rifle, the trick-shot artist drew on his copper sheets, in bullet holes, a profile of George Washington, a bonneted Indian chief, Franklin D. Roosevelt with his cigarette holder in his mouth. He asked for requests from the audience and drew whatever comic-strip characters were called for: Mutt and Jeff, Maggie and Jiggs, Barney Google, Krazy Kat. He tossed handfuls of colored glass balls into the air and shattered them. They were like rockets bursting. He snuffed lighted candlesticks, drove nails in boards. He struck a match in his assistant's hand with



a bullet, then when that cool customer had lighted a cigarette and put it between his lips, the trick-shot artist turned his back to him, laid his rifle over his shoulder and, sighting with a pocket mirror, shot the ash from the cigarette.

A man in the audience called out to my father, "You reckon you can beat that, 'Ump'?"

The trick-shot artist, whose job it was to foster local shooting talent, was quick to pick this up. Too quick for my father to steal away, which was what he would have liked to do. For it was one of the many contrarinesses of my contrary father that while he was a showoff in everything else and never refused a dare to fistfight, wrestle, race cars, drink, he could never be coaxed into displaying the skill for which he was famous, his shoot-

ing. Maybe that was a way of showing off, too: above having to prove to anybody that he was as good as he was said to be. Whether calculated to do so or not, this only magnified his legend. At our annual county fair he was the one man who could never be drawn near the shooting gallery, and of the men present that day, few had ever seen him fire a gun; they knew of his prowess because he hunted on their land and they were regular recipients of game from the full bags he brought in.

"Pretty good, is he?" said the trick-shot artist, sizing up my pint-sized father and concealing any doubts he may have had. "Well, 'Ump, show us what you can do. Maybe you can teach me some new tricks."

"Mister, it don't look to me like anybody can teach you anything. Certainly not me," said my father. "I don't know any tricks. I do a little bird-hunting, that's all."

"Don't bet your money against him, Mister," said the local man who had addressed my father earlier. "If looks could kill, my father's would have dropped him in his tracks. 'Don't pay any attention to him, Mister,'" my father told the trick-shot artist.

"Now don't be bashful," the visitor said, and he put his rifle in my father's hands. My father looked about as awkward and uncomfortable as he did when obliged to hold a baby. Fetching a sigh, he said, "Well, have you got a half-dollar on you? One that you won't mind if you lose, maybe?"

The trick-shot artist produced a half-dollar. My father regarded it, shook his head and said, "Shame to waste a whole half-dollar in times like these." He handed it back to the man. "Give me just a quarter instead," he said.

My father laid the rifle on the ground. Beside it he laid the coin. He straightened and looked up. Everybody looked up. There was nothing in the sky to see—what was my father shaking his head over? His face bore the pained expression of a man certain that he was about to make a public fool of himself.

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What happened next, following upon my father's reluctance and slowness, went so fast it was hard to follow. He knelt, picked up the coin and spun it high in the air, pocked up the rifle and threw it to his shoulder as he rose to his feet, fired; there was an audible pum and the coin disappeared. My father lowered the rifle. His was the most dubious-looking face present.

"Can you do that every time?" the trick-shot artist asked.

"I doubt it," said my father, and did it twice more.

"There's a trick to it that makes it easier than it looks," he told me afterward. "Now, nobody could hit something that small with a rifle-ball while it's moving. So you wait for it to stop moving. There is a second when it gets as high as it's going to go and before it starts to fall, when it just hangs there. That's your moment. Shoot then and you're shooting at a still target. That's the trick." Which has always seemed to me a little like Bach's saying that there was nothing to mastering the keyboard: all you had to do was strike the right note at the right time and the instrument played itself.

The trick-shot artist stayed overnight in Clarksville and the next morning came to our house.

"What do you do for a living?" he asked my father, and without waiting for an answer said, "Whatever it is, you're wasting your time. Quit. Resign. Sell out. Come with me. Here you're hiding your light under a bushel."

I could see it all already: us traveling across the whole U.S.A. and me earning the envy of every boy in it. Loading the rifles, setting up the copper plaques. And that was nothing to what came later. At first people would be scandalized—which was not to say any the less envious—at a boy my age lighting up a cigarette. Then . . . when the shot was fired that took off the ash I wouldn't even blink. The show over, my father and I would sign autographs. If only he would have the courage to stand up to my mother's objections!

My father's smile brought down these dreams of mine on the wing. "It's mighty nice of you," he said, shaking his head. "But in the first place, I'm not all that good a rifle shot. It's shotguns I'm better acquainted with. And in the second place, I wouldn't want to be on the road all the time. Thanks, but I'll stick with what I know: greasemonkeying. If you're

ever through this way again, it would be a pleasure to take you hunting. I'd like to see you on quail."

Now it was the trick-shot artist's turn to smile and shake his head. "Thanks," he said, "but I can't hit them damn things for love nor money. When I'm not working, what I like to do is play golf."

So, if my father wouldn't become a trick-shot artist, I would, in partnership with my pal, Pete Hinkle. We stocked up on BB's and practiced with our air rifles. As our skills sharpened, our targets got smaller and smaller. We became sharpshooters. We became daredevils. We took turns shooting first half-dollars, then quarters, then nickels and finally dimes from each other's fingers at 20 paces. We did it dozens of times. We couldn't miss. It was time to take our show on the road. First stop the alleyway behind my father's shop downtown, a performance for him alone.

We tossed the coin. Pete won. He would shoot, I would hold. Pete paced off the distance, took aim, fired, and shot off my right thumbnail. Last performance of Hinkle & Humphrey's trick-shot act.

"I blame you," my mother told my father when he brought me home from the doctor's office. "You ought to have had better sense than to let them do it."

"Mother, we'd done it a hundred times before," I said. It was not out of bravery but out of shame for myself and to protect my father against her scolding that I concealed the pain I was enduring. "Don't blame him. Blame me."

She glowered at my father. My defense of him made her all the angrier at him.

"I never knew a damned air gun shot that hard," he said.

"Well, I just hope you have both learned your lesson," she said.

"I'll grow another thumbnail, Mother," I said.

"Hear that?" said my father. "That's the spirit! Sure you will. You'll grow another thumbnail."

It was black for a long time afterward, a source of mutual embarrassment, thus a further bond, between my father and me. My new nail was just about fully grown in, only the tip of it still black, when, the following summer, my father died in the wreck of a speeding car.

In the more than 40 years since then, I have grown many thumbnails, each of them with the identical dent where that pellet struck. I never rub it but what it brings back to me these memories. **END**

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At 6' 6", Ainge is baseball's tallest second baseman and a good prospect for pro basketball.

## Meet Danny Twosport

*In winter Danny Ainge is an outstanding college basketball guard, but come spring his fancy turns to pro baseball*

**A**t the age of 20, Danny Ainge is living a life that others might fantasize about—that of a Frank Merriwell excelling at whatever he does. "I always dreamed about being a college basketball player and I always dreamed about being a professional athlete," says Ainge. "But I never dreamed of playing two sports like this. Never at the same time."

Nevertheless, Ainge is doing precisely that. He is not only the best basketball player at Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah, but also the best and most promising second baseman in the Toronto Blue Jays' baseball organization. Ainge (it rhymes with range) is one of the few athletes—Chris Bahr, former Penn State kicker and NASL midfielder, is another—to take advantage of a five-year-old NCAA rule that permits college athletes to play professionally in one sport and still retain their eligibility in another.

Last winter, playing basketball, he was ranked among the finest sophomore guards in the country—an honorable-mention All-America who took the Cougars to the WAC championship. They beat San Diego State for the conference title when he sank a one-and-one free throw with six seconds to play, to win the game by a point. During the season he led BYU in scoring (18.7 points per game, 55% shooting from the field), assists (122) and steals (46). "No question he is a professional prospect," says Frank Arnold, the BYU coach. "A lot of scouts are interested in him. At 6' 5", he's an excellent size for a pro guard."

Which also happens to make him, as best anyone can remember, the tallest second baseman ever to play major league baseball. Toronto Batting Coach Bobby Doerr, once an outstanding Red Sox second baseman, can recall no one that tall. This spring, playing with the Jays' top farm club, the Syracuse Chiefs, Ainge showed enough at the plate and in the field to persuade the front office to bring him up to Toronto.

No one has regretted the decision. As of last week, as the last-place Blue Jays began a trip to the West Coast, Ainge was hitting .324 after 34 at bats. And, despite his inexperience, he hasn't embarrassed himself in the field. He has worked hard, practicing with Shortstop Alfredo Griffin and spending extra time in the batting cage, tutored by Doerr.

In his senior year in high school in Eugene, Ore., Ainge was an all-state wide receiver in football, as well as a basketball and baseball star, but by spring he had turned down all football scholarship offers and decided to concentrate on basketball and baseball. In April he signed a letter of intent to attend BYU, in part because he is a Mormon, in part because of what the school had to offer him athletically. "A good baseball program as well as a good basketball program," he says.

That spring the San Diego Padres approached him, telling him they would take him high in the draft if he would sign with them, but he had made up his mind and he was adamant. "I said, 'No, I'm going to college to play basketball, I'm not going to play pro baseball,'" he says. That was the last he would hear from the Padres. He heard nothing from the Blue Jays, he says, until they picked him in the 15th round of the 1977 June draft—389th overall. "We took a flyer," says Pat Gillick, vice-president of baseball operations. "If you're fainthearted, you better not run an expansion club. You've got to gamble, be it in trades or drafts."

The Jays set out to woo Ainge. They sent him three contracts, which he ignored, and several letters urging him to report to Uuca. He threw them away.

continued





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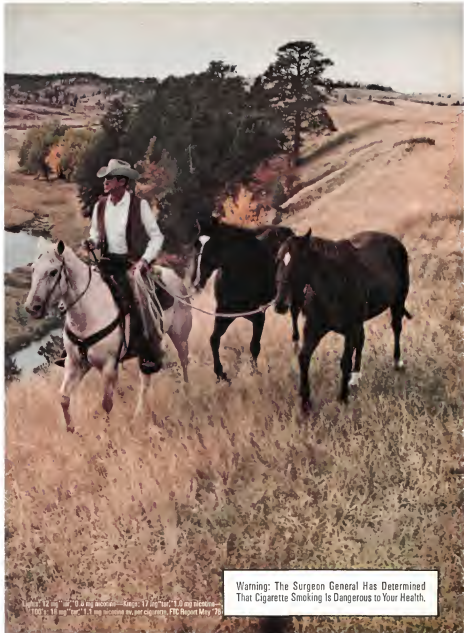


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**mazda**

**The more you look,  
the more you like.**

"It was the last thing on my mind," he says. "I never answered them."

Doerr, who lives in Oregon, went to see him play American Legion ball, and liked his quickness and his instinct for the game. Doerr reported to Gillick, who contacted Ainge and offered this: if Danny signed while he was in college, he wouldn't have to report to the Blue Jays until school was out in April, and could return to BYU for the beginning of classes in September, before the baseball season was over. More, he offered a bonus, reportedly \$50,000 over three years, and suggested that Ainge go straight to Triple A ball, saying he sensed that Danny was the kind who thrived on challenges. The Blue Jays, as it turned out, were simply too accommodating to be turned down.

At BYU, Coach Arnold was skeptical. "He was nervous," Gillick says. "Dan's a blue-chip basketball player, and Frank thought we might put pressure on him not to return once he got to the pros. I talked to Frank for an hour. I told him we wouldn't induce Dan to quit school, that we have an extraordinary athlete on our hands who has a mind of his own. I told him, 'Let's try to do it. Let's work together.'"

"It was a very natural concern," Arnold says. "After visiting with him [Gillick], I feel very comfortable with Toromio, their willingness to keep their word. I think there's room for both of us and it can be done comfortably. Our commitment to him is to let him practice baseball as soon as the basketball season is over." The school, in fact, has been letting Ainge use its baseball facilities to prepare for the season.

"We want him to have a successful baseball career," Arnold says. "I don't want to mess with him. Nor do I want professional basketball people messing with him. We tell pro scouts that he's in college and he's playing baseball and we want no basketball people talking to him until he's graduated." Which obviously suits Toronto fine. The Blue Jays have been making baseball as attractive as they can to Ainge since Gillick approached him with the offer. The summer he signed, for instance, the team took him on a road trip, as a non-roster player in uniform. "Anaheim, Oakland and Seattle," Ainge recalls. "I worked out with them, took batting practice and infield. I was really impressed."

That following spring, when school

was out, he reported to the Jays' Triple A club in Syracuse. Coming off final exams without a spring training, he struggled at first. He threw erratically and was woeful at the plate, hitting .167 the first half of the season. But he came around, and hit .313 in August. One thing troubled him for a time, though. Playing shortstop then, he beat out Hector Torres for the job. "Torres has five kids," Ainge told his dad. "What am I doing here?"

What he was doing was playing second base before very long and going back to school. This year, when the Jays' regular second baseman, David McKay, was playing poorly, Gillick brought up Ainge to replace him. In his second year he had made it to the bigs.

"I wouldn't be up here if it weren't for my basketball," he says. "They know I've done pretty well so far and there's that chance I might play in the NBA. I think that's why they brought me up so early. That had to be a factor, to give me a taste of the majors. They're trying to persuade me to play baseball."

Blue Jay officials say Ainge is mistaken. "Of the fellos that we had," Gillick says, "he was the best ballplayer. McKay was hitting around .200."

"Danny used to say he wanted to be a major league baseball player and an All-American basketball player," says his father, himself an accomplished athlete as a youth. "It was his fantasy. He used to talk about it as a kid. I used to go by Wrigley Field [in Los Angeles] and dream about doing it myself. I'm his dad, and I get chills thinking about it."

## THE WEEK

(May 27-June 2)

by MIKE DELNAGRO

## AL EAST

Baltimore, a red-hot 26-6 going into the week, lost five of seven games. But while the team cooled, the bat of Outfielder Ken Singleton got hotter. He belted four home runs, giving him 14 for the season and a tie with Fred Lynn for the league lead. Most welcome was a two-run clout in an 8-1 rout of the Royals that ended a 10-game team losing streak in Kansas City. Jim Palmer, who missed two previous starts because of a sore elbow, earned the victory, allowing five hits over seven innings. "I suppose we should be pleased because we finally won," said Manager Earl

Weaver grumpily. After a 2-1 loss at Kansas City in which the Orioles stranded 10 base runners, Weaver said, "You heard of games where everyone chips in for a victory? Tonight nobody chipped in."

Soft, the Orioles clung to the divisional lead, mostly because chief contenders Boston (3-3), Milwaukee (3-4) and New York (4-4) were all running in place. Carlton Fisk, Carl Yastrzemski, and Bunch Hobson—the batters behind Jim Rice—got just 20 hits in 102 at bats (.196) in a 4-6 road trip. Consequently, opposing pitchers are not giving Rice anything good to hit. "They pitch him like every at bat is in the seventh game of the World Series, bases loaded, two out," says Boston Coach Walt Hrntak. George Scott, who went 0 for 25, was benched and announced he wants to play or be traded. "This team is upright," he said. "We have problems like the Yankees do, but our players are afraid to express their opinions." With key hitters like Larry Hise and Don Money on the disabled list, normally explosive Milwaukee scored just 24 runs in losing to Oakland and splitting six games with Kansas City and New York.

The Yankees seemed to have found a suitable replacement for injured Reliever Goose Gosage when Ron Davis, up from Columbus, saved a pair of wins by pitching 5½ scoreless innings. But in his next outing Davis was tagged by Milwaukee for two hits in the ninth to turn a 4-3 lead into a 5-4 loss. Cliff Johnson, whose roughhousing rendered Gosage disabled, was doubly contrite. Lumbering home on a sacrifice fly, Johnson inadvertently barreled into Ump Lou DiMuro, knocking him out. "I'm beginning to feel like an outlaw," Johnson said.

Detroit (7-1) enjoyed its best week so far, as Jack Billingham, Dave Roemer, Jack Morris and Milt Wilcox pitched complete games and helped hold Tiger opponents to just 50 hits in 250 at bats (.200). For his part, Detroit hammered out 84 hits (.304), Lance Parrish leading the way with 15 in 26 trips.

Righthander Rick Wise beat California and shut out New York on five hits as Cleveland had a typical Indian 3-4 week.

"It's stupid," said Tom Underwood of Toronto (1-6) upon learning that his younger brother, Pat, of Detroit, would be making his major league pitching debut against—who else?—Tom Underwood. Pat won 1-0, yielding three hits in 8½ innings. It was Tom's seventh loss without a win.

BALT 31-19 BOS 28-20 MIL 29-24 NY 38-24  
DET 23-22 CLE 22-27 TOR 13-39

## AL WEST

Manager Jim Fregoso of California (5-2) had a cold, which was the least of his troubles. Outfielder Rick Miller fractured his hand. The next day Rod Carew, hitting .355, jammed a thumb and was forced out of the lineup. The

continued

day after that Nolan Ryan, fresh from a three-hit triumph over Seattle, took two steps while jogging and pulled a calf muscle and was out indefinitely. All in all, so far this season 14 players on the Angels' 25-man roster have missed games because of injury, including every starting pitcher.

Luckily, however, major league RBI leader Don Baylor is fit as a fiddle. Last week Baylor received a letter and two checks made out to the Cystic Fibrosis Foundation from Richard M. Nixon. "I'm donating \$5 for each of your first 50 RBIs and \$50 for each of your first 10 home runs," Nixon wrote. By week's end Baylor had knocked in 11 more runs, giving him 54, smacked five more homers, for a total of 11, and hit .370 to propel the Angels into first place, a game ahead of Texas and Minnesota.

The Twins (3-3) got a boost when the much-ballyhooed but disappointing pitching staff tossed four complete games, although two were losses by Jerry Koosman, to Boston and Kansas City. The wins went to Paul Hartzell and Dave Goltz over Oakland and Boston, respectively. The Twins now have an 18-3 record against sub-.500 foes, but are 10-17 against everybody else.

Texas (4-2) and Kansas City (4-2) hung tough. George Brett broke a Royals record for total bases when he hit for the cycle and then clouted a 16th-inning home run for 14 total bases in a 5-4 win over Baltimore. Rookie Todd Cruz hit his first major league home run to beat Minnesota, and Al Cowens, out since May 8 with a broken jaw, had the wires removed, ate some barbecued spareribs and doubled on the second ball pitched to him after he resumed the lineup. To make room for him, Clint Hurdle was sent to Omaha. Ranger Reliever Jim Kern gave up one run in 3½ innings to get his seventh victory without a defeat and his seventh and eighth saves. Buddy Bell, off to a .177 start, went 11 for 27, raising his average to .281.

Chicago (3-6) got back-to-back three-hit complete-game victories from Ken Kravec, his fifth and sixth straight wins, and Bruce Bochte of Seattle (2-4) had 10 hits to join the league leaders in batting (.356) and RBIs (40). His three-run blast into the upper deck of the Kingdome, a Manner first, helped down California 12-10. "That's it," he said. "I can do no more with a baseball bat."

Oakland (3-3), giving Detroit its only defeat, employed a useful if far less spectacular attack. A grounder by Jim Esian and Mario Guerrero's single scored a pair of runs in the ninth for a 3-2 win.

CAL 31-21 MINN 28-20 TEX 29-21 KC 29-22  
CHI 25-25 SEA 19-34 OAK 18-34

## NL WEST

Houston, off to its best start ever (31-23), regained the divisional lead on sharp pitching and Denny Walling's late-inning pinch hit-

ting in a 6-1 week. When Jojo Jimenez pitched a seven-hit, six-strikeout 3-1 gem against Montreal, it was the Astros' fifth complete-game victory in seven outings. Walling singled with the bases loaded in the ninth to beat Cincinnati and then tripled home the deciding run in the eighth in the 2-1 victory over the Expos. Afterward, Manager Bill Virdon announced that Jimenez would remain in the starting rotation. "He's excitable," Virdon said, "and needs some innings to get his feet on the ground." Excitable is hardly the word. Jimenez celebrated by showering with his uniform on.

That rumbling you hear near the bottom of the stands is—hello?—San Diego (6-2) Gaylord Perry (5-4) won twice and allowed just one earned run in 18 innings, lowering his ERA to 2.32. Hurt most by the Padre surge was Atlanta (3-5), which dropped four straight by a combined 22-8 score in an otherwise so-so Braves week. They beat the Giants twice and split with the Mets. Los Angeles (4-3) swept a three-game series from the Giants to regain the edge (203-201) in that ancient series. In the third game Steve Garvey led a 17-hit Dodger attack by singling, doubling and homing but was upstaged by a woman in a bright red halter who paraded among the box seats. As Garvey's homer was clearing the fence, there was a commotion in the seats. Garvey looked up and spotted the woman. "Never," he said, "has a home run been so anonymous."

San Francisco (1-6) avoided a winless week when Terry Whitfield pinch-hit a two-run single in the eighth to help defeat Chicago 8-6. Life turned out to be less than rosy for Pete Rose when he returned to Cincinnati (3-4) as a Phillie. The 48,968 in attendance gave Rose a 45-second ovation when he received a trophy as last year's most valuable Red. But each time he batted, there were more and more boos, while cheers broke out each time Ray Knight, Rose's replacement at third base, stepped to the plate. Knight singled home one run and scored another, Rose went 0 for 4 and Cincinnati prevailed 4-2. Pitcher Mike LaCoss won his sixth game and kept alive a personal string in his 11 starts, the Reds have yet to lose.

HOU 31-23 CIN 28-22 SF 26-27  
LA 26-26 SD 25-30 ATL 10-22

## NL EAST

"Scoring runs has been our problem all year," said Pete Rose, pointing out that in 28 games in which the Phils scored three runs or more, they won 25. The problem got serious as Philadelphia (1-6) scored only five runs in a six-game stretch and plummeted to third place. The makeshift keystone combination of Ramon Aviles and Rudy Meoli (5 for 28 combined) and Mike Schmidt (3 for 25) were the least productive as 57 Phillie base runners were stranded. Even in their lone win, 6-4

over Chicago, the Phils lacked punch, scoring three unearned runs and two others when Rose took second on a passed ball and Garry Maddux beat out a double-play ball.

One benefactor was Montreal (4-3), which swept three straight from the Phils and surged to a three-game lead, the Expos' largest ever in June. Moreover, each win was a six-hit shutout—by Steve Rogers, Bill Lee and Scott Sanderson—another Expo first that no doubt was at least partly responsible for the fired-up record crowds that crammed into Olympic Stadium. In four dates 128,766 fans turned out, pushing attendance 82,543

## PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**DAVE WINFIELD:** The Padre rightfielder hit .517 and had 14 RBIs with 15 hits, including five home runs. That tied him for the league lead in RBIs (43), put him second in batting (.354) and tied for third in homers (13).

ahead of last year's pace. The fans offered ovation after ovation—for the pitchers, for Ellis Valentine, who drove home six runs in a win over St. Louis, and even for Gary Carter's simply throwing out a runner trying to steal second. "In 40 years of baseball I've never seen that," said Manager Dick Williams.

Benefiting even more from Philadelphia's elation was Pittsburgh (6-1), which, propelled by the hitting of Bill Robinson (474), Omar Moreno (406), Willie Stargell (333) and Dave Parker (300), had its best week of the season and rejoined the divisional race by gaining five games on the Phillies. Victories by 2-1, 4-3 and 9-8 scores represented a surprise turnaround for Pittsburgh, which earlier had lost nine of 12 one-run games. After doubling twice, homering and driving in three runs, Parker cooed, "It's about time. I consider it a slump when I get only one hit a day."

St. Louis (5-2) exploded for 95 hits and 49 runs to go ahead of the Phillies into second place. The hottest bats belonged to Garry Templeton (three four-hit games), George Hendrick (two four-hit games) and Keith Hernandez, who batted .567 and had at least two hits in seven straight games. Bob Forsch, frequently a victim of silent Card bats, benefited twice, in an 11-3 decision over Montreal and in a 12-5 slaughter over Los Angeles.

Chicago (2-5) and New York (2-5) were unimpressive, which is not unusual. Met Reliever Neil Allen tore rib-cage muscles delivering a pitch. The Cubs' Dave Kingman rapped two homers and a double for six RBIs in a win over San Francisco and another four-bagger the next day to raise his league-leading home run total to 18.

MONT 28-17 ST. L. 26-10 PHIL 27-22  
PIT 24-22 CHI 20-26 NY 17-29





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## High, fast and forever

*Onetime kid whiz Joe Nuxhall is the radio voice of the Cincinnati Reds, but he still pitches batting practice to prove that, though he may have retired, he didn't quit*

To collectors he is a face on a bubble-gum card. To trivia buffs he is the answer to a question. And to millions of listeners via an eight-state radio network, he is the voice of the Cincinnati Reds, hometown boy who made good, the Old Left-hander. Joe Nuxhall, who became the youngest player in the history of major league baseball in 1944, when he was 15, is alive and well and living in Fairfield, Ohio. That is, when the Reds are at home.

The *Baseball Encyclopedia* says Nuxhall retired in 1966 after 16 years as a pitcher, all but one with the Reds, with a lifetime 135-117 record and a 3.90 ERA. But the fact is that Nuxhall has no intention of retiring. "What would he do?" says former Reds Manager Sparky Anderson. "He's a baseball player."

That was always the case. At 37, after

his third comeback, Nuxhall was still diving headfirst into bases—and he was a pitcher. The next year, when he officially quit pitching major league baseball, Nuxhall—like some 50 other players unable, or unwilling, to give up the game—turned to broadcasting. But unlike the others, he remained an active member of the team. Each game day he suits up, takes the field and pitches batting practice. At 50, Nuxhall is throwing more pitches per season than he ever did as a player, but this time he does it for love, not money.

"He amazing," says Shortstop Davey Concepcion. "He go out there and throw maybe 170 to 180 pitches—more than anyone would in a whole game. Joe the best batting-practice pitcher there is." Batting instructor Ted Kluszewski, a friend and former teammate, agrees.

*Once he has warmed up the team, Nuxhall joins teammate Marty Branson to work the games*



"He's perfect for the job. He throws them the perfect pitch—a high, inside fastball. They hit it good. It loosens them up and gives them confidence."

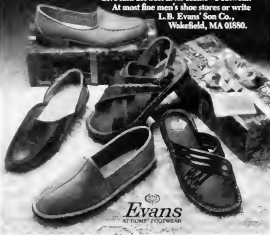
But it also gives them cause for concern. After all, Nuxhall is 50, and he is overweight. Invariably described in his playing days as "barrel-chested," Nuxhall is now on the leeward side of 250 pounds. And the barrel has slipped a few inches on his 6' 3" frame. Tom Seaver has been trying to get Nuxhall to diet, but he generally eats what he wants (lots of meat, potatoes and eggs), drinks what he wants (beer, preferably "Mitchell's" on draft), smokes two packs of cigarettes a day and, apart from throwing BP, never exercises. "Heck," he says, "I ran every day for 24 years, now I want to enjoy myself." One of the ways Nuxhall most enjoys himself is watching Johnny Carson while munching cheese and crackers. "I start with a pound of Colby cheese, a box of crackers and a six-pack," he says, "but I always seem to need a little more to make everything come out even."

*continued*



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## NEGRIL BEACH VILLAGE

TV/RADIO continued

When he suffered muscle spasms in his chest three years ago, Nuxhall was told to stop throwing. He didn't. Last year, when former Detroit Coach Jim Hegun suffered a heart attack after pitching batting practice, Nuxhall's friends again begged him to quit. "I can't quit," says Nuxhall. "I'd look like Tony Gantelo. Besides, I love it. I'll do it until I die. It makes me feel like part of the team."

After batting practice, Nuxhall rushes to the locker room, slips off his garb-concealing jacket and size 42 pants, which are worn beer-drinker style, several inches below the waist. Then he showers and runs up to the radio booth, where he begins his second job of the day.

The moment the national anthem is played, Nuxhall is totally involved. He actually sings the lyrics. Then he adds color to partner Marty Brennaman's play-by-play, frequently urging long fly balls to "Go, go, go!"

"I really didn't know baseball when I started this job in 1974," says Brennaman. "And I was supposed to replace Al Michaels (a radio demogod in Cincinnati), of all people. It was tough, but Joe was wonderful. He stood by me."

Then, while Brennaman reads a book—not on baseball, of course—Nuxhall broadcasts the middle innings. Brennaman picks up the play-by-play for the late innings. Nuxhall occasionally becomes absorbed by a situation on the field and lapses into silence. "I don't like to say something just to hear myself talk," he says. After the game, Nuxhall conducts his star-of-the-game interview. "I always hope it will be Pedro Borbon," says Brennaman, "because he always answers every question. 'Oh, yeh. Yoe.'" The interview is conducted in the dugout, where Nuxhall obviously is entirely at home. With beer in hand, he chats about the game with his star, just as a couple of guys in the locker room might. Once, while taping the pregame show for the next day, Nuxhall let loose a familiar obscenity, then forgot to tell his technician about the slip. But his listeners forgave him, realizing that's how ball-players talk. After signing off—"This is the Old Leftlander, rounding third and heading for home"—Nuxhall collects his gear and strolls toward the bus, signing autographs along the way. One suspects that if the Old Leftlander ever did reach home, he would just round it and head on back toward first.

54



## *The Mazda RX-7 Limited Edition. Only 3000 lucky people will get to own one.*

Eight months after Mazda introduced the RX-7, it became the largest-selling two-seat sports car in America.

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Its niceties are legion. Standard features include AM/FM stereo with power antenna, steel-belted radials, quartz clock, a tachometer that's also a voltmeter, tinted glass—the list is as impressive as the car.


Its price is surprisingly affordable. Indeed, it is priced far below many cars it competes with. And it's practical, with  estimated mpg, 28 estimated highway mpg.\*

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Source: comparative "tar" and nicotine figures, FTC Report May 1978.

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## A bunch of basket cases

It had been 41 years since the last James Gordon Bennett balloon race. Almost every year from 1906 to 1938, the world's best gas balloonists gathered in Europe or the U.S. to compete for the Gordon Bennett Aeronautic Cup. The winners were those who were most expert at finding the right winds at the right altitudes and thus flew farthest from the launching point. The record holder was Maurice Benaimé of France in *La Picardie*, which in 1912 wafted from Stuttgart to Riga, a distance of 1,361 miles.

In 1939 the defending champion Poles were set to stage the race—but that was the year the Nazis marched in. After the war, for one reason or another, the race was not resumed—until a fortnight ago, when 17 balloons from 10 countries ascended over Long Beach, Calif., and the Gordon Bennett was off the ground again.

The winner was *Double Eagle III* of the U.S., piloted by Ben Abruzzo and Maxie Anderson, who, with a pal named Larry Newman, last year had made the first transatlantic balloon crossing. This trip—617 miles in a little more than 47 hours—was made with a double-walled polyethylene balloon, each layer only two millimeters thick. It looked like something the Jolly Green Giant would put a sandwich in—a giant Baggie.

The man responsible for resurrecting the race is another American balloonist. Dr. Tom Heinsheimer, 39, an atmospheric physicist who rides in balloons across the Los Angeles basin to study air pollution. Heinsheimer decided in the summer of 1977 to try to bring back the Gordon Bennett. He had just sailed over the Alps in a gas balloon and was sitting in a Swiss bar talking with friends about the grand old days. "There had been revival attempts over the last 40 years, but none had come to anything," he says. "I found allies on the international scene. The Swiss rallied around. Their position was, 'It's impossible, and perhaps a mad thing

*The revival of an old racing classic was a gas, especially for the aeronauts of Double Eagle III, who rode a thermal roller coaster 617 miles to a bumpy victory*

to do, but we'll be glad to compete."

Heinsheimer got the proper international sanctions and the approval of the Poles, who were still the defending champions, after all. The U.S. had practically no gas balloons—hot-air balloons can't fly nearly as long, but they are much cheaper to operate. Heinsheimer convinced American balloonists that the Gordon Bennett was really going to return. Four gas balloons were built, the *Double Eagle III*, and three by Ed Yost of Tea, S. Dak.

Tradition was honored. James Gordon Bennett, the promotion-minded publisher of the New York *Herald* (the man who sent Stanley to find Livingstone), had donated the first cup. So Heinsheimer persuaded the *Paris International Herald Tribune*, a descendant of Bennett's newspaper, to sponsor the competition.

"The minimal use of ballast will be the name of the game," said Chauncey Dunn of Denver, who piloted *Cloud Dancer*. "One bag of ballast overboard will take you from sea level to approx-

*continued*



*Wafting over the wasteland toward Las Vegas, the two aeronauts survived one hairy thump*

imately 560 feet. Let's say you're trying to make a decision to go from 13,000 to 14,000 feet. That will take six bags of sand, because the air is much less dense up there."

The mood was festive at the launching site, a large parking lot off the port bow of the Queen Mary. (The old girl has found a permanent mooring in Long Beach harbor and serves as a hotel, museum, municipal landmark and home for Sparky, the electric eel.) T-shirts and patches proclaimed HOT AIR IS MY BAG, BALLOONING IS A GAS. Security was lax and gawkers found it easy to slip inside the gates and peer down into the wicker gondolas—which look like glorified laundry hampers—and poke at the balloons. Some idiot wore golf shoes to do a polka on the spread-out Polish balloon Polonez. Or maybe it was an anti-Communist zealot with an ice pick. Whatever, when Polonez was inflated on Sunday, it leaked. A crew member wearing a gas mask crawled inside and discovered light streaming in through about 30 small holes. After careful patchwork, the Poles took flight—but only for a little more than six hours.

Most of the launchings were stirring—up, up and away while thousands cheered. But a few were tragicomic. Columbine II, an unofficial entry because it held more helium than the rules allow, had too much ballast, lifted briefly and then splashed down into the harbor like a returning space capsule before taking off again. Two balloons, Columbine II and Belgum's Belgique, were shot at by nuts on the ground.

Other aeronauts had more pleasant experiences with the L.A. area citizenry. Erwin Sautter, carrying two U.S. passengers in his Swiss entry, Ajoie, came down near a fiesta in Duarte, and the crew was treated to pizza and beer. Japanese engineer Saburo Ichiyoshi, the pilot of Joimus (a gashag made in West Germany), sailed across the approach corridor to Los Angeles International Airport and found himself so close to a jumbo jet that he could almost see the passengers' faces at the windows. Joimus continued over Dodger Stadium, then came down in a hilly L.A. neighborhood, where residents helped roll up the balloon.

An international jury decided to allow launches either Saturday or Sunday, and Abruzzo and Anderson elected to go up the morning of the second day. They were unhappy that race officials had

imposed an altitude limit—15,000 feet—to give the older, heavier European balloons a sporting chance against the new American models. The two Albuquerque businessmen had hoped to go much higher than that, catch the right wind, and become the first balloonists to go all the way across the continent.

The Europeans grumbled that skill should win the race, not technology. The Abruzzo-Anderson camp grumbled that Orville and Wilbur Wright, said to have written the original Gordon Bennett rules, had said nothing of an altitude limit. "The altitude rule is really kind of aimed at us," said Anderson. "In the past they never had such limitations. Only size was limited. This balloon doesn't have the structural strength of the other Double Eagles. The slightest tear and the whole balloon goes. We increased our risk to be competitive, and then new rules were imposed on us in the last couple of weeks."

It was overcast when Double Eagle III was launched, a string of red New Mexico chili peppers trailing from the gondola in contrast with the dark blue jump suits worn by Abruzzo and Anderson. In seconds the semi-transparent balloon itself was invisible against the gray sky. The basket seemed to be floating all alone in the air.

The New Mexicans' intention had been to head out over the Pacific, drift south and come back eastward over Ensenada and the Sea of Cortez. Instead, they went out over Santa Catalina and other Santa Barbara islands and baked for hours in 85- to 100-degree temperatures. They were entangled in a weather phenomenon known as the Catalina eddy and couldn't break loose. It was 2 a.m. before they hooked back in over land, north of San Diego.

Using their 260-foot nylon drag rope, they practically felt their way over two sets of mountains near Palm Springs. Further on, they cleared one mountain by two feet; Abruzzo had to swing a six-foot camera boom out of the way.

Over the desert, headed toward Las Vegas, they got on a thermal roller coaster. Fifty miles south of Vegas the balloon was sucked down and the basket, said Anderson, "hit the ground pretty damn hard." Double Eagle III bounced up 30 feet. The drag rope trailed across a power line, a fence and the main Las Vegas-Los Angeles highway.

"A bigger power line was ahead," said Anderson. "The nylon rope dragged across. The last three feet wrapped around and formed a half-hitch. We were doing 30 knots and the rope brought us to a sudden stop, as if somebody had bashed into a big tractor. It almost dumped us out of the balloon. If Ben hadn't cut the rope we would have been whipped to the ground at high speed."

Cutting loose the rope made the balloon zoom up as if propelled out of a slingshot.

Over Lake Mead, after the thermals had subsided, they ate a meal of French fries, ham and peas. Early last Tuesday morning Eagle got caught in "tremendous up and down drafts, going up and down like a yo-yo." Abruzzo was sleeping—curled up in the six-by-four-foot basket—and Anderson considered awakening him so they could both put on parachutes. But they got through that joyride without incident and Abruzzo took over the watch.

Anderson woke at daybreak to hear howling from below—a pack of raucous coyotes. The balloon crossed Utah's Henry Mountains at 13,000 feet and the men had to release helium to stay below the race height ceiling. Just over the line into Colorado, they felt certain they had clinched the championship. By radio they knew that their nearest rival, Nightstar, piloted by Dewey Reinhard and Joe Kittinger, had landed in Milford, Utah. Not far ahead loomed the San Juan Mountains, part of the Rockies, with peaks jutting up to 14,000 feet. They decided to land.

Easier decided than done. There was a 15-mph wind at ground level and they had cut away their main drag rope. They used a 150-foot nylon backup rope and a makeshift 20-foot line fashioned by Abruzzo out of two small cargo parachutes. Both ropes were weighted with oxygen bottles. To slow the descent, Anderson dumped sand and Abruzzo released helium. At 9:14 a.m. of the third day, they landed in a large pasture 13 miles northwest of Dove Creek, Colo. Both suffered minor bruises before their gondola stopped plowing the field.

Double Eagle III had made its first and last flight. Like less sizable Baggies, it is disposable. Not so the Gordon Bennett balloon race. At the Survivors' Banquet in the grand salon of the Queen Mary, the balloonists were already discussing next year's renewal.

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## It was one giant win for Big John

John Tate walloped Kallie Knoetze in Bophuthatswana and dreamed of a title

While a portly Muhammad Ali paraded through Europe on a farewell tour last week, Big John Tate of the U.S. and Kallie Knoetze of South Africa got into the bidding for succession to the WBA heavyweight title. Knoetze found himself out of the running at 2:52 of the eighth round last Saturday in Mmabatho, Bophuthatswana. He was nearly insensate and incapable of defending himself when the referee signaled the 6' 4", 233-pound Tate to cease firing.

The one-sided victory, the undefeated Tate's 19th straight as a pro, moved him one step closer to a fight for the championship that Ali has decided to surrender in a month or so. Tate's next opponent will emerge June 24 at Monte Carlo when ex-champ Leon Spinks meets Gerrie Coetzee, also a South African, in another "elimination" bout.

"Either one, it don't really matter," said Tate, the 1976 Olympic bronze medalist. "Right now, all I want to do is get on a plane and get home to the peace and quiet of Knoxville. Back to the beautiful hills of Tennessee. I'm going to take my hillbilly crew and go home."

Tate's Hillies, as the semi-hysterical South African sports press called the entourage of 14, all Golden Gloves people from the Knoxville area, had become South African folk heroes. Tate also won the hearts of most Africans he met, particularly the blacks. Returning one morning after a five-mile run in Johannesburg to Johannesburg, where both fighters trained, Tate walked slowly through a throng of office workers, conscious of the admiring glances. Greetings



After starting slowly, Tate closed on Knoetze and beat him into submission before a crowd of 51,000.

were returned with a smile and a wave. As he neared the Landdrost Hotel, where his group was quartered on the 17th floor, a pretty young woman said, "*Imnib enkule e tufeni*." Tate asked the doorman for a translation. "That's Zulu," said the doorman, a Zulu himself. "It means you are a big mountain on the plain."

"Well, what do you know!" Tate said, playfully thumping his 42-inch chest.

At other times Tate was too embarrassed to enjoy the adulation. He accepted being a big mountain; he rejected attempts to make him more. In Zulu, *date* means god. They called Tate that. The southern Sothos called him *nate* *wa-masende*, the father of all, with the courage of a lion. Tate rejected both.

"Look," he said, "I wish they would quit that. I'm not bothered by carrying the black man's burden here. That's not heavy. But I wish they'd stop calling me god. I'm not god, I'm from God."

Bophuthatswana, which is more or less pronounced bo-phoo-ta-tswa-nah and

called Bophutha-what'sname by many South Africans, consists of a patchwork of seven separate territories with a total area of some 15,000 square miles within the boundaries of South Africa. It was created by that country in 1977 as a so-called tribal homeland—part of a grand design for keeping the races separate—and is inhabited by 2½ million blacks, who have lost their South African citizenship in return for "independence" and citizenship in a country recognized only by South Africa and the homeland of Transkei.

But consider this twist. South Africa's Southern Sun hotel chain has built one hotel in Mmabatho and soon will put up another, a \$27 million, 900-bed luxury complex with a gambling casino larger than that at Las Vegas' Caesars Palace—and just a two-hour drive from Johannesburg. By next year the dice will be rolling and the wheels spinning in Mmabatho, and South Africans are expected to cross the border created by apartheid in large numbers and with large amounts

continued

of money to risk at the tables. Boputhatswana President Lucas Mangope regards this with amused cynicism. South African ideologists who gave him a country of bits and pieces may now find themselves enriching that country by means of their gambling losses. If so, blacks may have gained by trading South African citizenship for a "homeland."

The Tate-Knoetze bout was staged in Mmabatho's 40,000-seat soccer stadium—an erector-set creation of iron-pipe scaffolding and wooden benches—and it drew a bigger crowd than the country's independence rites. Southern Sun Chairman Sol Kerzner had paid U.S. promoter Bob Arum a reported \$675,000 for rights to the fight, allowing that, "We expect to lose \$250,000, but it will be worth it to put the place on the map."

It is winter in southern Africa, but the day of the fight broke bright and warm, with scattered clouds in a dazzling blue sky, and the fans poured in by air and by gleaming Mercedes and dusty buses and jammed vans until nearly 51,000 crammed the stadium. It could hold no more. The gate was \$750,000. So much for the \$250,000 loss.

Tate came into the canopied ring first, fresh from a good night's sleep and ready to earn the \$350,000 he had been guaranteed. Grinning, he circled the ring

holding up two small American flags. A moment later Knoetze, who was paid \$250,000, came in scowling. He is a powerful 6' 1½" 226-pounder. Approaching Tate, he snatched one of the flags, ripped it from its stick and threw it down.

Tate ignored the insult, but little Donny Marshall, his No. 1 trainer, darted forward, picked up the flag, dusted it off and put it in his pocket.

Then, during the singing of the U.S. national anthem, Tate, his eyes hard and flat, stared across at Knoetze and said, "I'm gonna kick your butt."

The flag incident was the last of Knoetze's acts of calculated villainy, all of them orchestrated to stir interest in the fight. Knoetze had first gained notoriety in Miami Beach last January, where he defeated one Bill Sharkey, when his role in a shooting incident during a riot in Pretoria two years ago was widely publicized. Knoetze, then a policeman, had shot a black youth in the leg. Knoetze maintains he was justified in doing so because, he says, the boy was taking part in a riot and had hit him with a stone. Although he was cleared of that charge, in a subsequent incident he was fined for tampering with witnesses in another case of alleged police brutality, and he quit the police force. Knoetze's U.S. visa was revoked, an action now under

appeal, and last week he said that he was tired of it all.

Knoetze had devoted the days leading up to the fight to sniping at Tate in the daily papers, calling him "baby fat," among other things. But he insisted, "I don't see Tate as black. I see him only as a man I have to fight. And when it's all over, I will shake his hand."

But there would be a fight to settle first. "Take it easy, Big John," Judge Hill, another trainer, warned Tate. Hill has been with the No. 3 WBA contender since his early amateur days. "Don't get all fired up. Don't forget the battle plan."

"I haven't forgotten," said Tate. "I just want to let him know how it's going to end."

The fight began slowly, with Tate circling the ring, ducking Knoetze's wild lunges and throwing hardly a punch. Knoetze is ferocious, but he is clumsy and wild, and Tate's plan was to let the South African exhaust himself firing futile shots. All three officials, referee Isidor Rodriguez of Venezuela and judges Jay Edson of the U.S. and Stan Christodolou of South Africa, gave the first round to Knoetze.

"Rodriguez may be the most important man in the ring," said Gil Clancy, who was part of the CBS crew covering the fight for a delayed telecast in the U.S. "Knoetze is a brawler, and he'll do anything to win, which is the way it should be. But Rodriguez must really control him."

In the second round, Tate opened up a little, scoring with his jab, landing an occasional right hand and ducking Knoetze's lunges. At the bell Tate looked at the South African and laughed.

Then Tate got into serious trouble. He began Round 3 with a smashing right counter to Knoetze's left eye, raising a mouse. But Tate has a bad habit of crossing his feet when moving backward. Now he did so and Knoetze capitalized with a solid hook to the head. As Tate staggered back, seemingly hurt, Knoetze charged in, swinging mightily, if hitting little. After throwing one looping right that missed Tate by a foot, he almost went sailing out of the ring.

Momentarily spent, Knoetze paused to try to catch his breath, and Tate asked him, "Are you through?" Angered, Knoetze launched another wild but ineffective assault. When he stopped this time, Tate stepped in close, fired a hook

continued



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to the head, buried his right hand in Knoetze's stomach and fired another short, wicked hook to the head. At the bell, Knoetze was hanging on.

"Right then I knew it was over for Knoetze," Edson said later.

It was, indeed. Flagging badly, his strength spent, Knoetze took a fierce beating the next four rounds. He was cut under both eyes and his nose was bleeding. "I was in no hurry," Tate said. "I knew I had him, but I wanted to be sure. I wanted to be sure he didn't have any stuff left."

In the eighth, Tate went after his man without mercy. Knoetze tried to grab and hold, but each time Tate would push him off and bludgeon him some more. Near the end of the round, Tate spun Knoetze around and into the ropes with a crashing overhand right. For a moment Knoetze hung there, facing the crowd, a great grin on his bloody face. Literally, he had been knocked silly.

A moment later, just eight seconds from the bell, as Knoetze floundered about the ring with his hands at his sides, Rodriguez rushed in and stopped the fight.

A half hour afterward, Knoetze, his face battered and raw, came to the small white trailer that was Tate's dressing quarters. The first man the South African went to was Jay Handelsman, a self-proclaimed hillbilly who grew up in New York and is Tate's cook and masseur. Handelsman had suffered a slight diabetes attack after the fight.

"Are you O.K.?" Knoetze asked.

"I'm fine."

"Are you sure? Is there anything I can get you, do for you?"

"No, I'm fine."

After another moment with Handelsman, Knoetze went to each member of the Hillies, shaking hands, forcing small talk between puffed lips. Then he went to Tate.

"Your body shots are killers," he said.

"I'm so sore I can't walk."

Tate smiled at him. "You hit pretty good yourself. You want a rematch? You can have one."

Knoetze winced. "No, I don't want any part of you anymore," he said. Then he left.

"Well," said Tate, "I never imagined he was as bad as he was made out to be."

And with that, the bunch of hillbillies headed back for the hills.

109



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## Some more yelps from Bud Delp

*Spectacular Bid's trainer remains true to form on the eve of the Belmont Stakes*

At the edge of the Belmont Park stable area, near the gap in the fence leading to the racetrack, Bud Delp emerged in the hazy morning light, trailing a one-horse parade. Striding out in front of him, head bobbing, Spectacular Bid walked casually onto the track. It was seven o'clock, and Delp was looking triumphant. Exercise riders called his name, while trainers approached him on foot from the clocker's shed, hands thrust out in greeting. Turning left at the track, Delp, staying close to the fence, wandered on about 50 yards, looking back when he heard the voice of Sid Watters.

"Congratulations, Bud," said Watters, an old friend. Eight years ago, Watters was training the Triple Crown favorite, Hoist The Flag, when the colt fractured a leg before the Kentucky Derby. Hoist The Flag was saved for stud, but he never raced again.

"Well, you know what this is like," said Delp.

"Well, I didn't get too far," Watters said quietly. "We came up short. But it's a nice feeling when you have one like that."

"Nice feeling," said Delp. "but a lot of work."

The plotting, the planning, the observance of a thousand details were now almost over for Delp. Spectacular Bid, winner of the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, was down to the last days of training for Saturday's Belmont Stakes. That Delp should be at Belmont as a visiting celebrity, in a setting almost alien to him, is a tribute—if a somewhat ironic one—to what he has accomplished as a horseman in the last six months. For he views New York, the seat of Establishment racing in America, with a kind of flippancy irreverence—"Racing up here doesn't impress me that much," he says—even with a touch of bitterness at what he perceives to be an aloof and superior air affected by some of its horsemen toward Maryland trainers. "We train horses down there just like they do it here—and better, a lot of us do," Delp says.

Down there is Maryland, Delp's home. He grew up and raised a family there,

made his name and fortune there. In his 18 years as a trainer he has only rarely left Maryland for New York. Until he rose to prominence this spring with Spectacular Bid, Delp was unrecognized nationally. Bid gave him countrywide exposure, in fact exposed him as being alternately arrogant, volatile, glib and charming. He was also revealed as a first-rate trainer of a classic horse. In the heat of the Triple Crown series, under constant pressure and scrutiny, Delp has trained the colt flawlessly.

Before this spring Delp had already established himself as one of the leading horsemen in America. He is no phenom. If new to the public and the visiting press, he had a name among horsemen long before the year began. Working often with huge stables, with sometimes as many as 70 horses in training, Delp for years operated the most successful public racing operation in Maryland. He was also among the leading trainers at race meetings in New Jersey and Delaware. He saddled 1,075 winners from 1974 through 1978, and his horses earned purses totaling \$6,834,455. Nationally, he never ranked worse than eighth in number of winners, and last year—with Bid running as a 2-year-old—he was third in winners, 239, and in money won, \$1,711,330. Yet with all the shipping he has done, he estimates he has run no more than five horses in New York.

Maryland is where he plays his game—at Pimlico, Laurel and Bowie—out of sheds filled with every class and category of racehorse: cheap and expensive claimers, middling stakes and allowance horses, 2-year-olds and up, sprinters and routers, males and females. He has run with such stock since starting out at Del-

aware Park in 1963, and that year he led all the track's trainers.

Whatever the quality of a racehorse may be, Delp says, his training theory is the same for all. The object is to build a horse to his peak and keep him fresh and formidable for as long as possible.

"You put a foundation under a horse, just as if you're building a house," he says. "You take him a step at a time—daily gallops, get him muscled up, get him ready to do what you're looking for him to do. All of them you treat basically the same. You can take a horse and gallop him two miles today and tomorrow, and the next day he's off his feed. I say, 'Well, he don't want two miles.' So I back off him and put him in with the mile-and-a-half horses. But he might take two miles and say, 'I like it.' So then you go on and on with him. You get him ready to breeze, and you go slow. Then you pick it up a little bit, go a step at a time. Always you want him to come back fresh. And then, if he's a \$5,000 claimer, that's where he's going to run. I don't believe in running horses over their heads. It hurts the horse. Training horses is easy if you know what you're doing."

Having mastered his craft in Maryland, Delp has brought that sure touch to the conditioning of Spectacular Bid. It can unequivocally be said: the man knows his horse. "I think he's better now than he ever was," Delp says. "He's continued to improve. That's the key to me. I've trained all kinds of horses; he's a push button to train."

Delp relishes being in New York. He senses the Establishment watching him. He confesses to a certain satisfaction; he is showing them. "Damn right," he says. "I'm representing 90% of all horsemen. The other 10% can go pound sand. There are a lot of great trainers who get the most out of their horses. And that's what I call doing it right. If you get the most out of a horse, you can't do any better. But there are so many trainers in the big time that couldn't train for me. I knew that I could do the job. But now almost everybody knows it. I guess it's a good feeling. I guess it is."





# GOIN' SOUTH

*Call him the Marco Polo of moosedom. Two years ago he left his range in Minnesota and moseyed down' into Missouri, puzzling zoologists while entertaining the citizenry*

*by* **BIL GILBERT**

CONTINUED

**S**o goes an aphorism used by wisecracking natural historians to point out that our knowledge of other creatures is neither so complete or accurate as it is often presented as being. Neat, firmly drawn distribution maps in zoological texts will indicate that armadillos, mountain lions or pine voles inhabit a specific region because, within that region, observers whose credentials authorities accept have seen the beasts in question and perhaps even collected their hides and heads. In all probability, other members of the species are located in adjacent, similar habitat areas, waiting for the graduate students to catch up with them, but this is no more than an educated guess. An even shakier guess, however, is that the creatures are not in places outside the accepted range (nor in places not indicated on range maps).

When it comes to more complicated questions—why certain animals are where they are and not elsewhere; what their collective and individual motivations are and, if they have such things, their perceptions, pleasures, hopes, fears and ambitions—we are much further at sea. Despite our species' abiding curiosity about other animals (rivaled in persistence and intensity only by our enduring interest in the weather, theology and the opposite sex), we still may be less knowledgeable about the inner natures of other bloods than we are about the surface of the moon.

For working purposes, we proceed as if our reasonable assumptions and plausible explanations are, in fact, facts. Often we get away with this because we seem to have made shrewd guesses. But now and then something occurs that is so unreasonable and so implausible that we are forced to acknowledge another area of great mystery. Take some recent developments among the moose.

*Mammals of North America*, by Victor H. Cahalane, a distinguished zoologist and former chief naturalist of the U.S. Park Service, is a popular, well-regarded text. In it, the range of the moose is described as "The coniferous forests of northern North America; south of the limit of trees, from Nova Scotia and the Adirondack Mountains west to northern Minnesota, central Saskatchewan, southern James Bay, and the Mackenzie River delta to Bristol Bay and Kenai Peninsula of Alaska. South in the Rocky Mountains to central Wyoming, Idaho, and (occasionally) northern Washington."

Within this range, Cahalane writes, the moose is typically found in timber or wetlands foraging on aquatic plants

and high-standing bush, "and usually spends its entire life in a relatively small area. The only time that a bull takes a trip is during the mating season, when he may bestir himself out of his little territory of five square miles to track down a cow or two."

More academic and technical works provide greater detail, but generally this is the official state-of-the-science moose line. It's probably a good enough one for most moose—but not for all of them. Events of the past several years demonstrate that it inadequately describes the potential of this species. In the Midwest the range of the moose must now be extended from the Minnesota-Ontario border—long regarded as the most southerly moose habitat—to the environs of metropolitan St. Louis. While, as Cahalane says, the average moose-in-the-woods may travel only a few miles from its home thickets, the cruising range of an individual can be 1,000 miles or more. Guidebook moose may continue to be content crashing around in coniferous forests, wading in bogs and feeding on pond lilies and sapling tops, but other moose, we now know, can maintain themselves in good condition and spirit on the relatively treeless prairies, can gracefully leap six-foot fences and can be happy foraging on multiflora roses, coralberries and winter wheat.

Moose lore, from now on, will be incomplete without this information (and a good many other curious addenda) because of the activities of an extraordinary animal, a Marco Polo of moosedom, a Magellan of its kind, who for more than two years has been wandering about the Midwest, puzzling zoologists and vastly entertaining the citizenry in a number of heretofore mooseless regions. His travels have been so remarkable and his adventures so picaresque that it simply will not do to speak of him here simply as a moose. He must be distinguished, as he has distinguished himself, from all others. Call him the Missouri Kid.

Like the inception of English rock groups, flying-saucer persons, Democratic presidential candidates and many other celebrated creatures who descend on us unexpectedly, the origins of the Missouri Kid are obscure, and it is now probably too late to do anything but speculate about what they truly are. A good many off-the-wall suggestions—that he started out from a commercial moose works or a zoo, or was a tame roadside attraction—have checked out negative. The only logical possibility remaining is that the Kid was conceived and born someplace in the Big Woods that

stretch between Lake Superior and Lake-of-the-Woods along both sides of the U.S.-Canada boundary. If that is so, there is reason to assume—but no incontestable proof—that he came into the world in the spring of 1975.

"Calves are generally born in May and stay with the cows through their entire first year," says Pat Karns, a research biologist and moose specialist employed by the Minnesota Department of Natural Resources. (Minnesota has been the only midland state that needed a professional moose person, but there may be future openings in this field in other states. In the meantime Karns' zoological colleagues from states south of Minnesota have been calling him for background reports on mooseology.) "The next May, when the cow calves again, the yearling will leave," Karns says. "If it is a male, it quite often forms an attachment with a mature bull. They'll travel and forage together throughout the summer. In the fall, the old bull will enter rut, and he'll turn on the young male who has been tagging along, drub him and drive him away. That is when these youngsters often start wandering. Now and then we'll find them two or three hundred miles south of where they belong, in the farming country below the Twin Cities. However," he adds, referring specifically to the Missouri Kid, "the distance this one has traveled, assuming he came from northern Minnesota—and where else could he come from?—is unique, so far as I know."

Nobody saw what happened to the Missouri Kid in the

early fall of 1976, when, presumably, an older male gave him the boot. Even if he had been under close surveillance, no one would have been able to enter his inner world and determine what motivated him. (Pat Karns' theory is simply a reasonable possibility—not a conclusion, but a logical point of departure from known fact. It is well to keep in mind the dictum about graduate students and all it implies.) Perhaps the old mentor bull was an especially scary one, or the Kid was a particularly sensitive adolescent. Whatever, that fall (maybe) the Kid apparently started legging it southward through central Minnesota. When and where he went is very guessey; this is the only portion of his subsequent expedition that cannot be documented with precision. Perhaps nobody saw him. If someone did, he was unaware that he had met a future celebrity.

It is a fact that a bull moose sporting an impressive rack of antlers showed up in mid-December of 1976 in north-central Iowa. He moved into some woody bottomlands along the upper Des Moines River near the village of Emmetsburg, a mile or so west of Five Island Lake. He settled down there temporarily, to munch river willows and delight local residents. Many came out to look at the odd beast, and some brief, friendly drives were organized to stir him far enough out of the thickets to facilitate photography and up-close admiration. Perhaps because of cartoon exposure, a bull moose, even though it is the largest and most powerful member of the deer family, strikes most

*continued*

ILLUSTRATION BY GILBERT STONE



## GOIN' SOUTH

continued

people as a harmless and somehow humorous animal rather than the formidable one it can be. Throughout the Missouri Kid's odyssey he has been universally accepted as a charmer rather than a potential danger.

By the time he reached Emmetsburg, the Missouri Kid had made an exceptional trip for moose, but not yet a unique one. "Every so often, one comes down this far," says Lee Gladfelter, an Iowa deer biologist who was to become as much of a moose biologist as that state has. "Most of them hang around for a short time and then disappear. Maybe they work their way back north or get killed on the road."

According to Karns, the latter is often what happens to the few young bulls who wander down into the southern regions of their home state. "They meet with accidents," he says. "So far as we know, none of them has ever succeeded in getting back to traditional moose country. That doesn't mean one or more hasn't, or won't."

The last moose known to have visited Iowa, about five years ago, came to a very bad end. He was poached. "Some gunner just couldn't stand to see something that big and strange go on living," says Gladfelter. "He knew what he was shooting. We gave him a stiff fine, but that didn't help the moose. The one around Emmetsburg didn't have any problems of that sort. He became a local attraction and everybody became very protective about him."

The Missouri Kid remained in the willows near Emmetsburg for about nine months, until the early fall of 1977, when he suddenly abandoned this informal sanctuary and the host of friends he had made while there. "We began to get reports that he was moving down the Des Moines River, quite rapidly in a southeasterly direction," Gladfelter says. "It was as if he had a destination in mind, but who knows if he did, or what it was, or why he started traveling."

And that is the mystery—why? Perhaps the Missouri Kid was harassed by dogs. Maybe the flies became intolerable. Maybe he was driven on by the hormonal tides that wash over bull moose at that time of year. Maybe he started off

to find a cow, but rather than going five miles or so, as proper animals of his kind are supposed to do, he kept on searching for the object of his desire for 500 miles.

"Nothing can be proved," says Karns. "We've had some terrible winters up here lately. Maybe he just had enough and decided he was going south."

It should be made clear that Karns is joking. Zoologists and other authorities will make such pleasanties to spice up a conversation, but they would be embarrassed if they were taken seriously—for good reasons. There is absolutely

no evidence that a moose can analyze weather, remember one winter from the next and make long-range plans based on this information. But the reverse is also true: there is no evidence a moose cannot do such things. This is why the behavior of other species remains more obscure than the surface of the moon.

"Some animals of the same kind are smarter than others, or dumber," Karns jokes again and, in doing so, touches on another elemental matter—although very lightly, because professional prudence and tradition discourage such a concept being taken with the seriousness it logically deserves.

Academics, researchers, field people, naturalists, herders, falconers, pet keepers, everyone who has had much intimate experience with other creatures knows beyond doubt that individual members of species have what we call, in ourselves, distinct personalities. They must, because the activity of a single creature

reflects a combination of inherited behavioral responses and learning—that is, knowledge acquired through individual experience. No two have precisely the same experience (or, presumably, the same inherited capacity for acquiring experience and acting on it), and therefore, each personality is in some respects unique, whether it be in men or moose. However, to prepare even a sketchy biography of a single moose, to investigate the myriad formative influences, would be far more difficult and time-consuming than chronicling the life of a defrocked politician. Also, it would be practically impossible, communication alone being (for



The first leg of the Kid's jaunt (dotted line) is conjecture, but sightings have been made from Emmetsburg, Iowa to Louisiana, Mo

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now, anyway) an almost insurmountable barrier between man and moose. Finally, there is little professional incentive to make such differentiation. In practice, therefore, we generally treat each species other than *Homo sapiens* collectively, noting common characteristics and proceeding as if the behavior and potential of each individual is identical. We know this is not the case, but do not know how to work the personality factor into our studies, all of which are distorted by this omission. The distortion is implicit in our judgments and predictions and generalization about other species, which are upset when an individual like the Missouri Kid comes along.

Inexplicably driven, the Kid came looping down the Des Moines River in the fall of 1977. By late October he had reached the vicinity of Boone, about 150 miles from that year's starting point in Emmetsburg. Gladfelter is based in Boone at a wildlife research station, and he went out from it to meet the moose. "He was moving right along," Gladfelter reports, "but seemed in good condition and gave no apparent signs of panic or being disoriented. There was a question of what he'd do next, since we are on the edge of the Des Moines metropolitan area."

**W**hat the Kid did during the last few days of October was pass through the Des Moines area, an urban center of some 200,000. That, at least, is the only reasonable assumption, because less than a week after he was seen north of Des Moines in Boone by Gladfelter, he was spotted 20 miles or so south of the city, still along the river. Somehow he slipped past the metropolis undetected, a thought-provoking feat for a 1,000-pound animal carrying a four-foot rack of antlers.

"The most amazing thing," says Gladfelter, "is that he must've crossed a couple of interstate and a lot of other roads with heavy traffic." It is possible that some people did see him but didn't believe, or want to report, the evidence of their own senses—a hulk moose jogging along I-80.

The Kid made his last appearance in Iowa on the 16th of November, well down the river beyond Ottumwa, more than 75 miles southeast of Des Moines. By mid-December he had traveled another 30 or 40 miles and was below the Iowa line in Clark County, Mo., in the

northeast corner of the state. There, another deer biologist, Wayne Porath of the Missouri Department of Conservation, took over as his Boswell.

"I'd heard about the Iowa sightings," says Porath, "so it didn't come as a complete shock when he turned up here. But it certainly was a curiosity. We had an elk wander down from Wyoming along the Missouri River a few years ago. Occasionally roadrunners or armadillo show up in the southwestern part of the state, and we get rumors of mountain lions, but there's never been anything comparable to the moose. So far as I can find in the literature, there's never been a wild moose in Missouri before—at least not since the Ice Age."

However, during the first seven or eight months of 1978 the Kid was seldom spotted in northeastern Missouri, and there was some speculation that he may have made only a cameo, for-the-record appearance. In retrospect it seems likely that he had again found a secluded wooded area (one less accessible to sightseers than had been the case in northern Iowa) and remained close to it through the spring and summer. Whatever his arrangements, he was in fine fettle and full antler by fall, and for the second autumn in a row set off on a grand tour.

Traversing the drainage systems of the Fabius and Salt rivers and Perche Creek, he leisurely circled through north-central Missouri, first heading southwest, then north and finally east, back toward the Mississippi. On this jaunt he was frequently observed, and at one point late in October he was spotted near Harrisburg, 15 miles from Columbia and only about 20 miles north of the Missouri River. It was his most southerly penetration, and by then the Kid had broken all known records for long-distance moose. In Harrisburg he was 100 miles south of the Iowa line and more than 600 miles south of the nearest conventional range for his species on the Minnesota-Canada border. That's as the crow flies. He had probably wandered twice that distance as the moose walks.

By the first of November he had traveled 20 miles north of Harrisburg and was reported in soybean, winter-wheat and oak-brush country near Moberly, which is the home of Paul Jeffries. Jeffries is a veteran conservation department field-agent who works with area

farmers to restore old and create new wildlife habitat. Being intensely interested in the Missouri Kid, Jeffries called Porath, a longtime friend and bow-hunting companion, and suggested that they do a little moose looking. The two men didn't catch up with the Kid but spent most of the time following his tracks and deducing from other signs what he had been doing. Mostly he had fed on multiflora roses, which grow in the area, but he had also, fastidiously, without causing much damage, nibbled some winter-wheat shoots. This came as a surprise, because a moose, even if it had reason to suspect that wheat sprouts were stinky, would have difficulty getting at such a low-growing crop. The long, almost giraffe-like legs of a moose give it considerable advantage when it comes to wading and foraging in swamps or reaching up to strip foliage and buds from tree limbs, but the animal is not well designed for bending over and grazing like a sheep or cow. There is just too much moose for this sort of stoop labor.

"That moose figured out the winter-wheat problem without any trouble at all," Jeffries reports admiringly of the Missouri Kid. "He just got down on his prayer bones to get at it."

"On his what?"

"On his knees. The first time in my life I ever tracked an animal who was walking across a field on his knees, but that's what that moose had done!"

Porath had for some time entertained a professional thought that perhaps the Missouri Kid was crazy, there being a parasitical roundworm that attacks booted stock, wild and domestic, and eventually reaches the brain. These infestations will often produce aberrant behavior in the host animals. To test this possibility, Porath sent off a bag full of scats to Kams for examination. A few weeks later Kams reported that the laboratory tests were negative. There was no evidence of brain worms, and so far as he could tell from the excrement, the Missouri Kid seemed to be perfectly healthy and sane.

The area around Moberly offers some of the best deer hunting in central Missouri, and because the season was about to open, both Jeffries and Porath were worried that the moose might be gunned down, either by accident or design. Rather than try to guard him or keep his presence secret, they decided that a full-dis-

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## GOIN' SOUTH

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closure policy might be best. Through their efforts and those of other state conservation officers, a series of stories was circulated to area newspapers, and radio and TV stations, explaining that there was indeed a moose in the vicinity; that he was a harmless animal of good character and a very rare and interesting one. It was also mentioned that he was not legal game and the law would lean heavily on anyone caught molesting him.

"It worked pretty well," Porath says of the save-the-moose publicity campaign. "We had a lot of calls and letters from people who'd seen him and were pleased and excited about it, and others from people who wanted to know where they could go to see him. I suppose you could say that now he is an object of state pride."

"What it comes down to," says Jeffries, "is that after all the commotion nobody would want to step up and say, 'I'm the dirty bastard who shot the Missouri moose.'"

Nevertheless, the Missouri Kid had at least one close call during deer season. Harold Volle is a passionate hunter who lives in the village of Jacksonville. On Nov. 18, he was hunting along Mud Creek, a small stream a few miles to the east of the place where Porath and Jeffries had tracked the Kid as he crossed the winter-wheat field on his prayer bones. "It was kind of a raw day," recalls Volle, "and I left my stand to walk around. All of a sudden I seen something sticking up out of the Mud Creek ravine, some back and a little bitty piece of antler. Now if it had been going away from me, I might have squeezed off a shot. I had the gun up. But it came toward me and got bigger, and I thought there's not a deer alive that's going to stick up that high. I thought, my God, that's the Missouri moose down there in Mud Creek."

"He was only about 100 feet or so away, standing in the rank, old slough grass. He stood about as high as a 15-16-hand horse, and I'd guess maybe he weighed 1,000 or 1,200 pounds. Those big old antlers stuck out three or four feet. He saw me all right, but wasn't a bit scared, just stood there flopping his ears, feeding a little in the slough grass. I must have watched him 30 minutes. Then I took off my hat and started waving at him. To tell you the truth, what I was trying to do was get him to charge, see what

he could do. I got myself between two pretty good sized white oaks, and I figured I could dodge around them if he came at me, but he didn't do anything. After a while he just ambled away and I lost sight of him in some oak. It was getting dark and I went home, but I came back the next day with my camera, but I couldn't find him. I almost always carry the camera with me when I'm hunting, but not that day."

During the next week, perhaps traveling at night, the Missouri Kid loped northeastward unseen through some 15 miles of open fields, mostly corn and bean. On the 25th he turned up near Clarence and was spotted by two hunters who were looking for deer on a farm owned by Everett Johnson. In the winter, when farming is slow, Johnson works as a part-time bartender in a Clarence tavern and from that base added a few comments about the Kid. "I missed him the day he was at my place," he says. "It was just too cold for me to hunt, but Bud Wirt, who saw him real close, came running up all excited, and Bud has hunted all over, in Montana and Wyoming and other places out west. The moose was wandering around here for a few days, walked around through some cornfields, but nobody minded at this time of year. Besides, he's the most excitement there's been around here since the last tornado."

As he presumably has in other rural Missouri watering spots, the Kid became a general topic of conversation in the Clarence tavern. One customer brought up a subject that had crossed a good many minds. "If what you read in the papers is true," he delicately introduced the matter, "that old moose has been a long time without a lady. We may have to start watching our heifers."

"If the game warden was any good they'd go up north and catch him a lady. Bring her down here for him, and they could settle down in this country. We'd find room for them."

"That might be no favor for him."

"How so?"

"Maybe he come down here because he had trouble with his old lady, just said the heck with it and cleared out, started south. He might have no interest at all in seeing any more of old mamma from back up north."

From Clarence, the Kid struck out eastward, following a course that would

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## GOIN' SOUTH

continued

take him into the rough, tangled, semi-wilderness bottomlands of the Salt River. There were those in the Clarence tavern who worried about what might happen to him there. "Put it this way," one said. "There are some old boys working along the Salt who don't generally let anything get by them alive—in season or out—if you follow my meaning. If that moose gets out of there, he has some kind of a charmed life."

The Missouri Kid had already demonstrated that he was an animal blessed with exceptionally good fortune, and he apparently had no trouble with poachers or anything else in the Salt bottoms. In fact, he seems to have stayed there for almost three weeks before moving on again, this time to the vicinity of Bowling Green, a community 60 miles southeast of Clarence and only 10 miles or so from the Mississippi. There he was observed by Les Brown, a veteran Missouri conservation officer responsible for that district. "There was a lot of talk about what had become of the moose," Brown says of the immediate pre-Christmas period. "It was about the 20th of December. A TV fellow from Quincy [on the Illinois side of the Mississippi] called me and said they certainly would like to get some pictures of the animal, and if I heard where he was, would I let them know. Not a half hour after that, George Linehardt, who has a landfill about a mile from where I live, called and said, 'Les, you aren't going to believe it, but I've got a moose up here.'"

"I went right up and there he was. He looked to be in fine condition. He wasn't spooky at all, but it's open up there and he didn't stay long. He trotted off toward the woods. On the way, he saaled over a fence without any trouble. He just tucked up his front feet like a jumping horse and cleared it with no struggle."

"How high was the fence?"

"It was four feet with two strands of barbed wire on top."

Jumping such a fence may not be an especially impressive physical feat for one of the Kid's size and build, but behaviorally it gives pause for thought. A fence is not a complicated device, but in the subboreal wilderness that is their customary home, moose don't have to cope with such flimsy appearing but dangerous barriers. Somewhere en route the Kid met his first fence and had to learn something of its properties and what to do

about them. Along with dealing with multiflora roses, winter wheat and interstate highways, fence management is now one of his known acquired skills. He may well have a good many others that nobody has yet seen displayed. It's quite possible, because of the experiences he has had and the adaptations he has had to make, that the Missouri Kid is the best-educated as well as the most-traveled moose in the world.

**B**owling Green sits on something of a ridge. Between the ridge and the Mississippi there is a complex of bluffs, ravines, relatively thick woods, brush and swamp that parallel the river for 30 miles from Hannibal on the north to another old steamboat port, called Louisiana, on the south. It's as similar to traditional moose habitat as anything there is in Missouri, and the Kid apparently spent the holiday season in this wet bush. For dramatic as well as ecological reasons it was a very appropriate place. The Hannibal-Louisiana area, much of which lies in Pike County, is special enough to warrant a digression, though given the peculiarity of the Kid's case, the area may be a crucial factor in his story and discussing it not a digression at all. Getting to the Hannibal-Louisiana part of the world might be the mysterious purpose of the Kid's great journey, a purpose perhaps conceived by something beyond a moose's instincts.

As much as any other real place, this Pike County country is Raintree County, U.S.A. One former resident, a fellow by the name of Sam Clemens, who was born a few miles up the Salt River, came closer than anyone else to finding the mythic heart of our land in these parts. Ever since, it has been a sort of American Logres, a place where reality and illusion shift and converge like bits of glass in a kaleidoscope to form new patterns that are more provocative than fiction and more instructive than fact. As one gross example: for a century and more this nation has reported sub- or super-humanoids—Bigfoot, Sasquatches, Wild Men. Mark Twain, which is the fancy name Sam Clemens gave himself after he began to journalize in and around Hannibal, Louisiana and Pike County, claimed he had located and interrogated one of these creatures. It was a surprisingly easy interview because, the Wild Man told Twain, he'd been waiting for

some time to give his life story to an open-minded newsmen.

The Wild Man claimed to be the son of Cain, but, he said, "In these degenerate days I am become the slave of quack doctors and newspapers. I am driven from pillar to post... at the behest of some driving journal. I am bundled off to this howling wilderness to strip, and jibber, and be ugly and hairy, and pull down fences and waylay sheep, and waltz around with a club, all to gratify the whim of a bedlam of crazy newspaper scribblers."

After having ascertained that the Wild Man had not "given these items to any other journal," Twain, the complete professional as always, made sure he had the name right. The Wild Man said it was Sensation.

"All of which is in strict accordance with the facts," Twain concluded in his report.

Ever since, there have been many Sensations in the area. The Wild Man, or his kin, revisited Pike County in 1878, 1908 and 1963. In 1972 he became (perhaps under the influence of flying saucers and fireballs, which were also common that summer in Pike County) the Missouri Monster—or, as he was familiarly known, MoMo. He was first sighted by two Louisiana schoolchildren, who said he resembled a shaggy overgrown ape that smelled like a dead horse. Local residents were bothered not only by MoMo, but also by hordes of newspaper, radio and TV people, as well as by UFO investigatory committees. None got an interview with MoMo, which suggests that journalists as well as monsters aren't what they were when Twain had this Missouri beat. The 1972 Sensation was considerable and lasted until the end of July, when MoMo was apparently assigned elsewhere.

The point is that people in and around Pike County have been sensitized to the extraordinary, have a long tradition of dealing with it easily and imaginatively. If there is any one place that deserved to have a real moose who had made an all but mythic journey, this is it.

When the Missouri Kid started traveling again early this year after having spent a quiet Christmaside in the bottomland boomdoocks, he appeared first to a deserving Louisiana couple, Rich and Donna Lord, who live on a wooded knoll a few miles from Louisiana. Donna Lord

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## GOIN' SOUTH

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was especially pleased to see the Kid because in 1972 she had missed meeting MoMo. "I think there may have been something out there," she says in regard to the Missouri Monster. "I know a woman who isn't a radical—in fact, she's a very religious woman. She said something came up and shook her trailer. The stink was awful, and her phone didn't work until it went away."

In the case of the moose, there was no room for doubt. On Jan. 25, Rich Lord, who had been cutting firewood, came running into the house to tell his wife that the moose was in an adjacent field. The Lords called the *Louisiana Press-Journal*, a publication that, according to local tradition, once employed Twain. Very quickly about 50 people collected near the Lords' house. "The state police were directing traffic," recalls Fred Burgess of the *Press-Journal* editorial staff. Among those in the crowd was a local dentist and amateur photographer named Dr. Frank Thomalla, who had left a patient sitting in a dental chair.

The Lords volunteered to drive the Kid out of the woods for the benefit of the media and spectators. This sort of thing is Donna Lord's meat. "I don't hunt, because I'm scared of guns," she says, "but I love to chase things. I'll go out on a deer trail until I run it out. My boys always want me to go with them when they hunt because they say, 'Mom always finds us a deer.'"

The moose presented no problems for an experienced beater like Donna Lord. Obliging, the Kid allowed himself to be urged across a nearby paved road to an open area where the *Press-Journal* staffers and Dr. Thomalla photographed and admired him. Later the Lords repeated the drive for the benefit of a late-arriving TV crew.

Perhaps feeling he had done enough for the media, the Kid next made several educational appearances, showing up a day later at the Boncl elementary school some five miles south of the Lords' property. "We were dismissing, waiting for the bus," says Marcus Yelverton, the Boncl principal. "I happened to mention that there was supposed to be a moose in the area. About three minutes later there he came. He walked slowly across the field right in front of the school. He was a beautiful animal. Probably when they're old and have forgotten my name and most of their classmates, those kids

will remember the day when a moose came to their school."

The Kid kept to himself over the weekend, but by Monday he had doubled back north toward the town of Louisiana. Crossing a highway, he paused and displayed himself so as to provide a memorable moment for a speech teacher and two of her students, who were traveling to an oratorical contest.

**D**onna Lord, by reason of her firsthand experience with the moose, has developed a proprietary and protective interest in the Kid. "I can't think why anybody would want to do him any harm," she says. "In the first place, he's been feeding on brush, and if you were to try to cook him, you'd probably have to clear out of the kitchen for two days or so. But more than that, he's come such a long way and done so many interesting things, it would be awful to kill him. What worries me is that weird people hear about something like the moose and they get strange ideas, decide they want to do something to him, maybe for the publicity."

Unfortunately, as Donna Lord suggests, celebrities do attract crazies, and the Missouri Kid has done so. "It isn't generally known," says Jim Schwartz, a young conservation officer stationed in Louisiana, "but one of our agents in the St. Louis office got a tip from one of his informants that the moose had been killed. He gave the date and place and even the time of day."

"An informant?"

"All law agencies have them."

"What happened?"

"We checked it out and didn't find anything. Then a couple of days later I had a good report of the moose crossing Highway 54. As far as we know, the story was false."

"Why would anybody want to turn in a tip like that?"

"Maybe the informant was just testing our agent to see what his reaction would be."

According to Schwartz, the Kid was last seen in the flesh about mid-February when he crossed a state highway heading into the roundwood country of northern Pike County. However, there was later circumstantial evidence, as uncontested as a trout in a milk pail, as to his subsequent whereabouts and activities. About six weeks after the last

sighting, Marion Traynor, the chief operator of the Louisiana waterworks, was scouting around in the woods in preparation for the opening of the spring season on turkey gobblers, birds he loves to hunt with a muzzle-loading black-powder shotgun. In a thicket near an old quarry northeast of Bowling Green, Traynor came upon a set of moose antlers, the halves of which were lying within 10 feet of each other. "I have a little schooling in conservation and I own a lot of outdoor books," said Traynor. "So with all the stories of this moose, and knowing from reading what they should look like, I knew what these were right off. There were signs he had been lying around in that spot for a few days."

Traynor measured the antlers (they were 41 inches up to tip with a seven-inch skull space) and then took them to Jeff Pennock, another state wildlife biologist who resides in the area.

There the matter rests for the moment. The consensus among mooseologists is that the Kid is in the ravine and brush country that covers much of the area between Louisiana and Hannibal—lying doggo as he did during his antlerless periods in Iowa in 1977 and in northeast Missouri in 1978.

"There are places in those bottoms that we call Africa," says Brown, the veteran game warden who knows the country as well as anyone. "A moose or anything else could lay up in there for a long time without being seen."

That is a reasonable assumption. Beyond it there remains considerable speculation about what the Missouri Kid will do and where he'll go next, say in the fall. One fanciful theory is that his ultimate objective is to get to New Orleans for Mardi Gras and that he was just waiting around in Pike County for the police strike to be settled in that city. While this might seem beyond the realm of possibility, the Kid has already stretched a good many realms beyond what had previously been regarded as possible. In a technical zoological way, he has expanded the known range of his species farther than any other moose. Indisputably he has enlarged the folklore of the true-blue classic American Sensation. Even more significantly, if one cares to pursue the subject, the Missouri Kid has greatly deepened the always intriguing mystery that has to do with the inner world of other species.

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# Yesterday

by SARAH PILEGGI

ON THE 12TH TEE AT THE 1920 OPEN, VARDON STOOD SUPREME. HOWEVER...

All the better U.S. Open courses have ghosts, and Inverness, in Toledo, Ohio, where the clam will gather next week to decide the national championship, has one of the best ghosts of all.

Harry Vardon, the incomparable English professional who won six British Opens between 1896 and 1914, was 50 years old and 20 years past his prime when the U.S. Open came to Toledo in 1920. Nevertheless, he was still the most famous golfer in the world, and the fairways of Donald Ross' then relatively new Inverness course were lined with people who had come to see the great man play, probably for the last time in this country. They pulled for the homebred players—Leo Diegel, Walter Hagen, Jack Burke, Long Jim Barnes, and two young newcomers, Bobby Jones and Gene Sarazen—but they followed Vardon so they could tell their grandchildren about it.

However, as late as the second nine of the final round, it seemed as though the aging Vardon was going to pull off one of the most memorable victories in the history of the game. He had played 65 holes in three under par, and through 11 holes of the final day he had shown the same sort of stylish, controlled golf with which he had first astonished Americans in 1900. He stood on the 12th tee, five strokes ahead of the field.

It was then that fate, the only variable that Vardon couldn't control that August afternoon, stepped in, and what might have been a remarkable triumph became a memorable defeat.

At his best, Vardon was in a class by himself. For three years, from 1898 to 1900, there was Harry Vardon and then there was everyone else. He set the standard by which golfers were measured, and his graceful, effortless and novel upright swing became the model of the day. He wasn't the first to use an overlapping grip, but he popularized it, and even now the "Vardon" grip is universally considered

"correct." Before Vardon came along, golfers held their clubs in the manner of baseball bats and swung them in the flat, loose "St. Andrews" style.

Born in 1870 on Jersey, one of England's Channel Islands, Vardon might have become a gardener like his father had not some gentlemen golfers laid out a course on the common land of Grouville, the village where he lived. Harry and his brothers first caddied for the gentlemen, then learned to play, using home-made clubs and white marbles. When a younger brother, Tom, who had left home to become a professional, won a golf prize of 12 pounds 10 shillings, Harry decided to become a professional, too. With Tom's help he got a job at a nine-hole course in Yorkshire and left Jersey in 1890 to begin a new life.

Vardon made his mark in 1896 when he beat J. H. Taylor, winner of the 1894 and '95 British Opens, in a 36-hole match at Ganton in Yorkshire. A month or two later Vardon won his first Open at Muirfield, and in 1898 and '99 he won again. Of his play at that period Vardon wrote, "I know that in those times, whenever I was within reach of the green with any club—brassie, cleek or anything else—I saw only the flag and thought only of the flag. . . . I knew that I could put the ball within a yard or two of any place that I wished. And so the game was especially easy for me."

It was at this stage of Vardon's unsurpassability, the period of which the Scottish professional Andrew Kirkaldy said, "He would break the heart of an iron ox," that Vardon made the first of his three trips to the U.S. He played 88 matches, usually of 36 holes and usually against the best ball of two or three of the better local players. Of the 88 he won 73. He showed thousands of American golfers, who at that period were enthusiastic but largely untutored, how the game could be played.

But the 1900 tour seems to have brought an end to Vardon's dominance. By his own admission he was never quite the same again after that exhausting year. In 1903 he developed tuberculosis, and though he won the British Open that year, he then had to spend several months in a sanatorium in Norfolk.

Vardon remained at the pinnacle of the game for many years, but from 1900 until the end of World War I, he shared the heights with two contemporaries, J. H. Taylor and James Braid. Known as

the Triumvirate, among them they won 16 of the 22 British Opens played between 1894 and 1920.

"They were enormous rivals but I never heard of any kind of dispute among them," says Pat Ward-Thomas, golf correspondent for *The Guardian*. "They loved golf and served it as few people do any more. Vintage types."

Ward-Thomas never met Vardon, who died in 1937, but he was acquainted with Taylor, who lived into his 90s. "Taylor said that Vardon was the best player he'd ever seen," he says. "His rhythm, his tempo never varied, and nothing upset him."

In 1913 Vardon, accompanied by big Ted Ray, a fellow Channel Islander, toured the U.S. again. Vardon was 43, Ray was 36, and though they were as different in their playing styles as it was possible to be, they were eminently compatible and not nearly so dour as they appear in old photographs. For instance, when they arrived in New York, Vardon had a painfully swollen thumb that he acquired in a pillow fight on board ship.

Vardon and Ray traveled 30,000 miles that year, played 41 matches and lost one. In a stunning upset, they also lost the U.S. Open in a three-way playoff at The Country Club in Brookline, Mass., to a young American amateur, Francis Ouimet. The two Englishmen finished their last rounds early and sat in the clubhouse waiting to see if anyone would catch them. When word arrived that young Ouimet had a chance to tie, they went outside to watch his last four holes, of which Vardon said later, "... one of the finest exhibitions of courageous golf which I have ever witnessed."

By 1920 the Triumvirate had become the Old Guard of British golf, but Vardon was still a name to be reckoned with. His swing was as stylish and rhythmic as ever and his game from tee to green almost as accurate as it ever was. But age and ill health had produced one of the worst cases of the yips in the history of the game. His approach putts were unfocused; it was only "those wretched two or three feet ones" that caused him trouble. He was capable of hitting a two-foot putt one foot off line, or of taking a divot several inches behind a three-footer. Such horrors were preceded by a muscle twitch in his right arm that observers said could be seen with the naked eye.

Nevertheless, the promise of the presence of Vardon and Ray at Inverness for the Open gave the occasion a special in-

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## YESTERDAY continued

tenacity. Again the pair was touring the U.S. and again they were winning most of their matches—68 out of 94.

In 1920 the Open format called for two days of 18-hole qualifying rounds, then four championship rounds, played over two days, 36 holes each day. After the first two rounds, Jock Hutchison, a transplanted Scot who was the professional at the Glen View Club, led with 145, followed by Diegel and Barnes at 146 and Vardon, Ray and Hagen at 147. To the mild amazement of everyone who had seen him play in 1900 or 1913, Vardon was every bit as good as he had been then, tee to green. Even his putting woes seemed to have abated. After three rounds, Vardon was alone in the lead at 218, with Diegel and Hutchison at 219 and the long-hitting Ray at 220.

As the last round got under way on the second day, the sun was warm and the wind was slight. Vardon wore a wilted Panama straw on his graying head, a rumpled linen jacket in spite of the heat, and knickerbockers. He played the first four holes in par, birdied the long 5th hole, took a bogey on the 8th, but saved par on the 9th with a recovery from behind a tree. The recovery was a glorious bravura shot that started for a bunker on the left of the fairway, then broke toward the pin, ending up a few yards short of the green. He made the turn in 36.

After a par on the 10th and a birdie 3 on the 11th, Vardon came to the 12th tee holding a five-stroke lead and the heart of the gallery.

"Any golfer who was fortunate enough to follow Harry Vardon in his first 11 holes' play in the final round at Inverness knows what perfect style is," wrote John G. Anderson in *The American Goller*. "Not the slicing or pulling of forced strokes, but the straight line to the hole with the amount of strength controlled."

Standing on the tee of the 522-yard 12th, however, Vardon found himself faced with the need for more strength than he possessed. A blustery wind had suddenly risen from the north and was blowing directly into the tee. The gale caught his tee shot and held it, leaving him much too far away to reach the green with his second shot. He laid up short of the brook in front of the green but was unable to get his third shot onto the small green. He ended with a six.

Utter weariness overlooked Vardon. The traveling, the exhibitions, the six rounds

*continued*

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### YESTERDAY Continued

of the championship and his 50 years began to exact their toll. At the 13th he moved a two-foot putt for par. At the 14th he three-putted. At 15 and 16 he three-putted again. Seventeen was the hole that crushed him. Hit into the wind, his tee-shot fell short.

"I was very tired," he said afterward. "When I came to my ball I knew I had a hard shot to carry the brook, about 200 yards away, and reach the green. But I had wasted so many shots on my bad putting that I did not believe I could waste any more. I knew my only chance to get home was to put my body into the swing, something I never like to do. But here it was necessary. I failed to time the swing of my club and the way of my body properly, and while I got a fair stroke, it was not quite good enough. It just caught the brook on the carry and I knew then, even as the ball left the club head, that my bid for the championship had failed."

Grantland Rice claimed that as Vardon watched that second shot on 17 he aged 10 years. For 29 holes of the final day Vardon was three under par. For the last seven holes he was seven over. From then on it was just a matter of waiting for Ray, Diegel and Hutchinson, who were still on the course. Ray was first in with 295 to Vardon's 296. Diegel needed a birdie at 18 to tie Ray but missed a 25-foot putt. Hutchinson also needed a birdie at 18 to tie, but when his long putt stayed out, Ray won. Vardon, Diegel, Hutchinson and Burke tied for second.

Vardon finished out the exhibition tour and in November went back to the South Herts Golf Club at Totteridge, near London, where he had worked since 1903 and where he remained until his death in 1937. His letterhead read, "Golf Club and Ball Maker Golf Clubs of Persimmon, Dogwood & Beech. All Orders Given Best Attention."

Laurie Auchterlome, whose father Willie was British Open champion in 1893 and who himself is honorary professional to the Royal and Ancient, says Vardon stayed at South Herts because once when he was very ill, five doctors, all members of the club, had kept a round-the-clock vigil at his bedside. He is buried in Totteridge Parish churchyard, just down the road from the South Herts clubhouse, and his grave even today is always tended.

"Everyone loved him," says Auchterlome. "He was the best professional we ever had."

END

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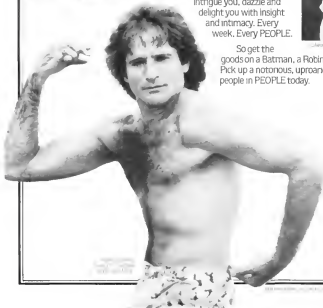
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# As I Did It

by JERRY COWLE

**THE 'MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN'  
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The recent interest in bodybuilding has brought to mind my boyhood and my encounter with the patron saint of the art or obsession, Charles Atlas. As a scrawny kid of 11, living in a small upstate New York town, I was an enthusiastic reader of *The Shadow*, *Doc Savage* and the sports pulp magazines, most of which carried the Charles Atlas ads, but I never dreamed I'd ever meet the great man himself. How could that godlike being ever have been a 97-pound weakling? And what was this Dynamic Tension that changed his life?

You can imagine my delight when my mother brought home a brochure for Camp Atlas with my hero depicted on the cover. The camp was on a lake in the Catskills, and the brochure promised that Mr. Atlas would be in attendance all summer. My mother enrolled my brother and me for the full season.

Camp Atlas was much the same as any other camp. It had cabins, double-decker bunks, a mess hall, baseball fields, volleyball courts, a dock, boats, canoes. The campers all wore uniforms and called the counselors Uncle. The difference was Charles Atlas. And he was there all summer, as promised. So were his wife and son. His son's name was—are you ready for this?—Hercules. We called him Herk.

The first evening, we gathered in the mess hall to meet Charles Atlas. He appeared dressed in a leopard-skin loin-cloth. He was big and bronzed, with rippling muscles and wavy hair. The campers all went wild. "He's real!" the kid next to me said.

Atlas welcomed us in a quiet, friendly voice. He told us what he would like to accomplish with us during the summer, how he hoped that every camper would improve his physique. Then he gave a demonstration of his strength. First he tore a Manhattan phone book in half. Next he bent an iron bar into a horse-shoe shape with his bare hands. Then he gripped a long iron bar in his teeth and had two men hang from it, one from each end, until it bent under their weight.

Finally he lay on a bed of nails while the same two men stood on a board across his chest. We all cheered like crazy.

Atlas was a beautiful specimen compared to today's muscle men. No gruesome knots, no grotesque, overdeveloped pectorals, simply a man who had harmoniously developed his body. He was well deserving of the title "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." His system of bodybuilding, Dynamic Tension, was what we now call isometrics, except that Atlas advocated pitting one set of muscles against another. He didn't approve of gadgets. He believed you were less likely to hurt yourself or "overdo it" when only your own strength was involved.

The encounter with Atlas that I best recall took place when my age group had a special-awards campfire, and he came to present the medals. Afterward, he sat in the midst of our group and called for questions.

"How did you ever get started?" one kid asked.

"Believe it or not," Atlas said, "I really was a 97-pound weakling. And very sickly. When I was 20, a doctor told me not to walk up even one flight of stairs because it might kill me." He paused. "But I knew I couldn't stand living that way, so I ran up three flights!"

"And then what happened?" another kid asked.

"Well, I'm still here!" We all laughed. "After that," he said, "I began to believe I could do anything if I wanted to badly enough. That's when I started eating right, exercising and developing my system."

I don't know where I got my nerve, but I asked, "Is Charles Atlas your real name?" I'd been reading about Greek mythology.

He looked me straight in the eye, and I felt like sinking into the ground. "My real name was Angelo Siciliano," he said.

"I borrowed Atlas from the Greeks, and now my legal name is Charles S. Atlas."

Emboldened, I asked him if there was a special rate for his mail course for kids who had attended Camp Atlas. "I never thought about that," he said. "What's your name, son?" I told him. "Well, Jerry, after you get home, write me and remind me. I'll give you a 50% discount on the course." (After camp, I did write him. Sure enough, he answered, offering the entire series for \$10, or half price. To save postage, Atlas sent all the lessons at once. I put them away, using one each week just as though they were coming through the mail.)

Because Hercules Atlas was my age, he often joined our group for sports and other activities. He was a quiet boy who seemed embarrassed by his name. We eyed him with a certain amount of awe, wondering if his father had en-

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AS I DID IT continued

down Herk with superhuman strength.

Charles Atlas led us in calisthenics every morning before breakfast. Later he would roam the mess hall, making sure we ate the foods that would help build our bodies. When one boy left his bread crust on the plate, Atlas picked it up and ate it. "It's the best part of the bread," he told the kid. I'm sure that was the last crust the boy ever left. By the end of the summer, most of us had developed a great affection for this fantastic man, admiring him as much for his kind manner as for his physique. But the next year, I was old enough to go to Boy Scout camp, so I never saw Camp Atlas again. Or any of my fellow campers—except one.

Many years later, when I was an ensign in the U.S. Coast Guard, preparing for the invasion of Normandy, we tied up next to a Navy LCI in Southampton harbor, England. One evening, returning from liberty, I started a conversation with a young ensign on the Navy ship. He invited me into the wardroom for coffee. "My name's Charles Atlas," he said. "Junior," he added, when I looked startled.

I looked at him carefully. Could it be...? Yes, there was a resemblance. "When you were younger, was your name Hercules?" I asked.

You'd have thought he'd seen a ghost. "How did you know?" he said.

"I was at Camp Atlas," I said. "A long time ago."

He looked at me closely. "Yes... Camp Atlas. Weren't you the kid who always wanted to play shortstop?"

I was. So we spent some time reminiscing about that summer. He told me he'd changed his name to Charles Jr. I didn't have to ask why. We hit it off well.

The next morning Herk, or Charles, was on deck to supervise the casting off of our mooring lines. As we stood out to sea, he waved goodbye, and that was the last time I ever saw him. I've occasionally wondered how he and his ship made out in the invasion, and what he ended up doing after the war. (In fact, he teaches math at Lincoln Junior High in Santa Monica, Calif.)

Around Christmas 1972, I came across a newspaper account of the death of Charles Atlas. I found it hard to accept. To me, he would always look the way he did that summer, standing in front of the campers in his loincloth, performing feats of strength and making a bunch of little kids believe that each of us could grow up to be just like him.

END



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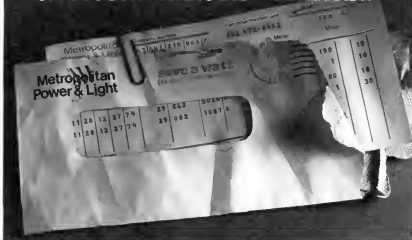
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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

## ROSE AND RUTHVEN

Sir,

Regarding your May 28 cover subject, Pete Rose, phooey! Boo! How about Ray Knight. Rose's replacement at third base in Cincinnati? Knight is doing a remarkable job in the field and at the plate and is one of the chief contributors to the rise in the NL West of McNamara's Band. Yea, Ray!

WILLIAM F. O'BRIEN  
Cincinnati

Sir,

I realize your production deadline was closing in and a cover had to be chosen, but since when is a 24-12 baseball team in May more important than the Stanley Cup finals?

SILVIA ADLER  
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Sir,

My congratulations to Bruce Newman for an informative and delightful cover story on Pete Rose (*He's the Philie Filipp*). Great job. Great subject.

CARSON EVANS  
Lexington, Ky.

Sir,

For those critical fans who feel that Pete Rose is being paid too much for what he does, it's a shame they don't have an opportunity to watch him play.

MAAC ANDREWS  
Wilmington, Del.

Sir,

I just read your article on the Phillies and Dick Ruthven's comments about pitching in Atlanta. Durn! How could Ruthven or anyone else suffer from "terminal boredom" in Atlanta? The sun is always shining, the girls are pretty, the fans are friendly, the players are friendly. It's a great place to be, win or lose.

I was going to write a scathing letter disputing Ruthven's claim that he pitched before "800 fans," but, admittedly, he did pitch before 970 one time. However, the average crowd that saw Ruthven pitch at Atlanta Stadium during his two-plus seasons (1976-78) here was 13,360, and he was 14-17 for those games, which was better than his won-lost record on the road. He also lost the game that 970 attended.

A million people saw a last-place team play last year, and if a million come when we're in last, lots more will come when we're in first. And the Braves will win someday soon—without the help of Dick Ruthven.

BOB HORE  
Vice-President  
Atlanta Braves  
Atlanta

## CHARLIE'S A's (CONT.)

Sir,

I applaud Ron Finley for his exposé of the Charlie O. A's (*They're Just Mad About Charlie*, May 21). The potential was there to build one of the best franchises in major league baseball. In addition, given Finley's records with other professional teams, the current situation in Oakland doesn't seem that surprising.

His other major venture in the Bay Area still has many in National Hockey League circles scratching their heads. He outfitted the Seals in those tacky Kelly-green and California-gold uniform, complete with green and gold skates. He then had the audacity to nickname them the Golden Seals, as if we couldn't tell that by looking at them. He began his policy of a tight pocketbook in 1972, when he let half his team jump to the World Hockey Association. And he traded other members of his squad to NHL franchises for unproven talent and that old reliable cash.

In less than four years he put a loser on Oakland ice, a team far worse and much less competitive than the one he had bought in 1970. Finley asked the NHL to take the disaster off his hands, and the league did, later peddling the team off to an eventual death in Cleveland (at the time, no place was considered a worse hockey market than Oakland, but the NHL found one).

One admirable quality about Finley is his consistency. But the constant deterioration of his franchises and his knack for alienating both his players and his teams' fans aren't admirable. If the right people are doing the selling, one can sell anything to anyone, anywhere, anytime.

I hope that the other owners and the American League won't attempt to bail Finley out of his current mess. Maybe the embarrassing situation that he faces with the Coliseum will teach him a lesson.

LAWRENCE CONWAY  
Hamilton, Ontario

Sir,

I believe that the other American League owners must do their part to oust Charles Finley, otherwise the A's franchise will never again amount to anything. Baseball's brass has never act unless alerted by a sudden weightless feeling in their pocketbooks. A few more red-in-the-stained trips out here, however, should convince them that it is in their interest to buy the club from Finley and sell it to someone ready, willing and able to run it correctly. As long as Finley owns the club, the A's will continue to be an embarrassment not only to the Bay Area, but also to the

league—despite the efforts of the young, bustling Oakland players, who deserve better.

GARY SMITH  
Berkeley, Calif.

Sir,

In your article you said, "Once inside [the Oakland Coliseum], the odds on catching a foul ball are much better than anywhere else." That is so true. Last year I caught five foul balls during one game. That's the only reason I go to A's games—for foul balls. As for the A's, who cares? I'm a Giants fan.

TOM WITTENBERG  
Danville, Calif.

## FATHERS AND SONS

Sir,

I appreciated your article on decathlon historian and figure filbert Frank Zarnowski (*He's Every Inch a Decathlete*, May 7). I am an ardent fan of the decathlon, and my roommate, David Lee Steen, is Canada's and the University of California's premier competitor in this grueling competition.

Zarnowski cites the Mulkrays—Phil and Phil Jr.—of the U.S. as the world's father-son decathlon champions, with a combined total of 14,548 points. He further claims that the Jewkows, senior and junior, of the U.S.S.R., are second with an aggregate of 14,451 points. After your article was published, my roommate scored 7,647 points in the Pac-10 decathlon championships in Tempe, Ariz. on May 16-17. Add this to the 6,860 points Dave's father, Donald Steen, scored in Eugene, Ore. on May 4-5, 1957, and the Steens, with a total of 14,507, surely outpace the second-place Soviets.

Additionally, Donald Steen's total was based on the 1950 scoring tables. If you convert his marks to today's tables, I believe that the Steens have the world father-son record.

JAY PARLINE  
Berkeley, Calif.

## FAST-PITCHER

Sir,

Thanks for your article on Ty Scofield (*This Guy Can Run It, Drop It and Pop It at 104 mph*, May 28). As a dabbler in the art of fast-pitch softball hurling, I can appreciate his sacrifices and admire his accomplishments.

It was also encouraging to see coverage of the fast-pitch game, which requires much more skill and dedication than does its more popular counterpart, slow-pitch.

Perhaps, in time, fast-pitch will regain popularity. Until then, we fast-pitch players can take solace in the fact that our game is a sport, while slow-pitch is just a recreation.

BILL LOHMAN  
Richmond

continued

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### 19TH HOLE continued

Sir:

In some states, fast-pitch softball is classified according to a pitcher's ability. Those who have competed in Pennsylvania or who have seen Ty Stofflet throw know that these classifications are C, B, A, major and Ty Stofflet. Thanks to your article, everyone will now know that Stofflet is in a class above the rest in all other ways, too. And thanks to Jack McCallum's great article, I now know of another restaurant in Dutch country where I can "eat 'til my stomach roches" me McCallum touched the hearts of fast-pitch enthusiasts across the country.

BOB STONERAKER  
Piscataway, N.J.

Sir:

I played some fast-pitch softball while growing up in Ocala, Fla. I loved the game and held all pitchers in awe. How they could throw that hard underhand and still have control was beyond me. Thanks for giving the game in general and Ty Stofflet in particular the recognition both deserve. Now you need to write an article on the man who catches for Stofflet—he must be a super athlete!

THE REV. DOUG MOORE  
Crestwood, Ky.

• For the past five seasons, Stofflet's catcher has been Carl Solarek, a three-time Amateur Softball Association All-America. His manager, Rocco Santilli, calls Solarek "the best defensive catcher in the country."—ED

Sir:

With such impressive pitching statistics, it isn't surprising that Ty Stofflet prefers the tempo of fast-pitch to that of slow-pitch. Why shouldn't he—he's involved in every play. But what about the fielders behind him who might legitimately wonder if the ball will ever be hit in their direction? Some fun to take your position in the field and watch an endless line of "would-be hitters" either strike out or merrily ground out?

In slow-pitch, being able to hit the ball is fun, but that's only half of the game. The other half is when you're in the field and you know that every batter is going to make "contact" with the ball, which means there is a chance for running, fielding and throwing with every at bat.

With a good fast-pitch pitcher like Stofflet, a team could hide three lead gloves in the field and never be hurt. In slow-pitch, one fielder with cement hands is soon found and exploited.

As you might guess, I am a strong advocate of slow-pitch. I'm still trying to get the cobwebs out of my glove from my fast-pitch days.

DENNIS L. GREENBAW  
Independence, Kans.

Sir:

Slow-pitch softball is growing by leaps and bounds because it's fun to watch something more than a great pitcher and catcher dom-

inate a game. Stofflet can have his form of softball, but tell him not to forget to wake up the fans at the end of the game so they can go home.

BRYANT C. TAYLOR  
Glendora, Calif.

### GOUSINEAU (CONT.)

Sir:

Although I enjoyed your article on Tom Cousineau ("You Made a Wise Choice," May 21) and thought that Douglas S. Looney did an excellent job of writing, there appears to be a mistake. Looney states that, since the NFL draft was initiated in 1936, Ohio State's Cousineau is only the second linebacker to be drafted No. 1, the first having been Texas' Tommy Nobis, by Atlanta in 1966. However, according to us Philadelphia Eagle fans and a book by Jack McCallum and Chuck Bednarik called *Bednarik: Last of the Sixty-Minute Men*, Penn's Bednarik was the first linebacker to be drafted No. 1 by an NFL team (the Eagles in 1949). This would make Cousineau the third linebacker to be chosen.

RANDY KRENZLE  
Paoli, Pa.

• Officially, Bednarik was drafted as a center, not a linebacker, but he played both ways. At Penn, Bednarik averaged 58 minutes a game. And during his 14-year pro career he continued to play both ways, although he was chiefly renowned as a linebacker, a position at which he was a seven-time All Pro.—ED

### SEALS AND IRONHEM

Sir:

Your article *Ironman* (May 14) was indeed a tribute to the men, and to Lyn Lemaire, who participated in the Hawaiian Iron Man Triathlon, perhaps the ultimate test of an individual's motivation, fortitude and endurance. I read the story with personal pride and interest because it was my privilege to have served with second-place finisher John Dunbar during his tour in the navy on Seal Team One. He was an exemplary team man then, and it doesn't surprise me to see him continuing to successfully test himself. Although your brief description of Seal training is exaggerated, it does give the reader a flavor of the rigors that Seals must endure. We attempt to push a man well past what he thinks is his breaking point to show him that he always has something left in reserve. Certainly the participants in the Iron Man Triathlon have experienced the satisfaction of reaching way down and never coming up empty-handed.

THOMAS N. LAWSON  
Lieutenant Commander, USN  
Commanding Officer  
Seal Team Two  
Norfolk, Va.

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